

VOL. XIII.
NO. LXXV.

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NO. IX.

THE MONTH.

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IT is perhaps not easy for us to understand fully the importance to the Church in the middle ages and the centuries which immediately followed them, of the great Universities, or the influence which they exercised on the intellectual life of Europe. The universality of printing and reading has to some extent dispersed and distributed that power over the general thought which formerly was, as it were, stored up in the great centres of learning. Again, the effect of the movement of the sixteenth century has been to dissolve Christendom into separate and hostile, though outwardly Christian, nationalities, and one part of this process of disintegration has been the enfeebling of the attraction which drew students to the great Universities without distinction of race or country. The highest idea of a University is now that which looks upon it as a national institution. Famous and influential as it may be within the shores or the frontiers of a particular country, no University now aspires to be European. Rome alone, at present, gathers within her halls the Catholic students of every clime and race, and that she does so is, humanly speaking, one of the supports of that power which the enemies of the Church would gladly cut off by the destruction of the Temporal and independent Principedom of the Supreme Pontiff. Moreover, the creation of clerical seminaries in the several dioceses, which was one of the results of the Council of Trent, though it may as yet have been only partially carried out in more than one Catholic country, has tended to dry up the supply of students in philosophy and theology in Universities strictly so called. For these and other causes, and notably on account of the great comparative fewness of the students now to be found collected at any one spot, no modern University can be

considered as an adequate reproduction of the University of Paris in the days of which we are about to speak—when it numbered among its scholars St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, and their companions, and became the providential mother and nurse of the Society of Jesus.

We can, however, easily see the fitness of the place for the work which was to be brought to its first maturity within its walls. Englishmen, at least, can well understand, from the ecclesiastical history of their country during the last forty years, how important it must always be for a religious movement that aims at gaining any permanent hold on the intelligent and educated classes to seize on a great seat of learning as its own centre. The movement towards Catholicism within the pale of the Anglican Establishment would never have exercised so wide or so rapid an influence over the nation if it had not risen up in the very heart of English cultivation. Elsewhere it would have crept along in the dark, and it would have grown slowly and by fits—if it had not been crushed out before it had the time to grow: at Oxford it placed itself at once in full light of day, and attained a vigorous manhood when, in point of years, it was still in its infancy. Tractarianism sank into a pietistic decrepitude as soon as it had run through that portion of its career towards Catholic Unity which lay logically and consistently within the limits of obedience to Anglican authorities, of maintenance of Anglican texts of doctrine, and of adherence to the partial compromise on which the Establishment rests. When its intellectual principles led its true followers beyond these bounds, its onward course was necessarily and violently separated from the place which had witnessed its birth: but it left behind it seeds of mental activity and a thirst for truth and progress which have still their effect upon the University, which, under many and great disadvantages, has been raised by these and other influences from the comparative degradation which had characterized it, with almost unbroken uniformity, from the days of the Reformation to our own.

We are not about to compare two things in themselves so different in principle and in history as what is called the

Oxford movement of our own time and the formation of the Society of Jesus. Both, however, illustrate the importance of securing, as the starting-point of a powerful movement, some great centre of intellectual activity, some stronghold of learning frequented by large numbers and successive generations of students in the opening prime of life and in the first vigour of mental energy. Every great movement, and, in particular, every great religious movement, depends, as far as human means are concerned, on the force with which it may draw to itself a larger or smaller proportion of the rich growth of generous, intelligent, and powerful minds with which each generation of a healthy Christian community may be assumed to teem; and the place where such minds are to be found, where they flourish and develope under a congenial air, and under the influence of their own mutual attraction and collision, is generally to be found in the Universities. Both of the movements of which we speak illustrate, though not to an equal degree, the manner in which minds which begin with a simple thirst for knowledge for its own sake may become the most fitting and powerful instruments for ends far higher than those which they at first set before themselves. Such minds are naturally to be found at Universities, and when they are taken captive by some revelation of the glories and beauties of the ancient Church, of the noble end for which man was created, and of the importance of salvation and perfection, they are often formed into the mightiest weapons of the armoury of the Church. They are "not incredulous to the heavenly vision," and their devotion of themselves to its behests is the welfare of thousands of souls. And those who have inherited the benefits of the connection of the later movement with the great seat of learned education in England may well linger with pleasure over the thought of those few years in the first half of the sixteenth century when a little band of students in the University of Paris found themselves united together under the spiritual leadership of Ignatius of Loyola, for the purpose of following a rule of life founded upon the *Exercises*, and with the determination to spend their lives

simply in works for the greater glory of God, and when the Society of Jesus issued from their union.

When, in February 1528, Ignatius arrived in Paris, he was already of middle age.* Seven years, full of events in his personal and spiritual history, had passed since his conversion to God by the reading of Ludolph of Saxony's *Life of Jesus Christ* and the *Lives of the Saints*, as he lay on his sick-bed, slowly recovering from the effects of the wound which he had received in the breach at Pampeluna. They had been years of rare favours and lights received from God, of deep spiritual experience, and of the most unquestionable fruits of the highest sanctity in the souls of others-whom he had laboured to win to God. They had seen him in his seclusion at Manresa, in his voyage and visit to that Holy Land which left such ineffaceable marks upon his memory, and which drew to itself the first deliberate choice of his apostolic zeal. Early in this time he had composed his book of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and had had distinctly revealed to him the outline and plan of the Order which he was to found upon them in the Church. He had lived with the reputation of a saint at Barcelona, at Alcala, and at Salamanca; everywhere persecution, the shadow of sanctity, as well as the admiration of good Christians, had waited upon him. At Barcelona he had been assaulted and left for dead by the agents of some gay cavaliers who could not brook the return of strictness and cloistral observances which he had introduced into a convent of nuns with whom they were acquainted. At Alcala he had been imprisoned on account of the imprudent devotion of some noble ladies whom he had converted, and who had set off alone and without money upon a long pilgrimage; and at Salamanca also he had been imprisoned, on suspicion of being an unauthorized teacher of new doctrines. In all these cases, the violence or the injustice with which he had been treated had redounded to his greater credit and attracted to him still greater veneration, and the inquiries that had been made into his life and conversation had issued in the fullest and most formal declaration of his innocence, and even of his

* He was in his thirty-seventh year.

sanctity. But he had as yet made no progress towards the formation of that body of men who were to be his associates and children in the great work for the glory of God, which was the one engrossing object of his life. His first companions, men who had known him at Barcelona, had gone with him to Alcala, and who had shared his persecutions there, had fallen away from him; he had met some who were afterwards to be among the most eminent of his spiritual children—Martin Olave had given him alms, and Francis Borgia, then a brilliant young noble of seventeen, had seen him led through the streets of the same city between two officers of justice. We shall see that some of his future companions were afterwards attracted to Paris by the reputation he had left behind him in Spain. Still, when he came to the French capital he was alone. Even his first converts in Paris afterwards fell off—Juan de Castro, Peralta, and another, whom he had nevertheless admitted to those *Exercises* which he often long delayed in the case of souls from whom he hoped much, and who, as a proof of their sincerity, had sold their property, given it to the poor, and taken up their abode in the Hôpital St. Jacques.

After his return from the Holy Land, we see nothing more in Ignatius of that overpowering love of solitude and seclusion which had characterized him in his earlier fervour in the cave of Manresa; henceforth his time was to be given to the great centres of life, as if in obedience to that characteristic love of such scenes of action which was afterwards impressed on his Society, and which is commemorated in the well-known Latin distich, which we may thus paraphrase—

In sheltered valleys Bernard loved to dwell,
St. Bennet chose the mountain's lonely crest,
In towns St. Francis fixed his peaceful cell,
But mighty cities pleased Ignatius best.*

But it was not every great city, nor even every University, that could be the nursing mother of such an Order as that

* Bernardus valles, montes Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes.

which he was called to found. The severe orthodoxy of the Spanish seats of learning saved them from the invasions of heretical teachers and dangerous opinions, but they lacked also the stir of mind and conflict of argument which accompany such invasions, and some experience of which may be requisite in those who are to meet falsehood most successfully. Perhaps the Society, composed as it was at first in great measure of Spaniards, would have been too exclusively national in character, if Alcala or Salamanca, instead of Paris, had been the place of its birth. At all events, Ignatius failed if he really attempted to found it in Spain. But his long-deferred success came at last. The two first, and in some sense the two greatest, of his spiritual disciples, were awaiting him in Paris at the College of St. Barbara, where they had already for some years been intimate friends, sharing even the same room.* These two were Pierre Le Fevre, a native of Villaret, in the diocese of Geneva, and Francis Xavier, a native of Navarre, born six years after Ignatius himself, at the Castle of Xavier, a few leagues distant from Pampeluna.

Our main business is with the last and greatest of these two, but the beautiful and winning character of Pierre Le

* There were at that time a great number of Colleges at Paris. A short account of more than forty will be found in F. Prat's *Maldonat et l'Université de Paris au seizième siècle*, p. 527. Paris, 1856. These are said to be the "principal" Colleges. The whole of the city on the south bank of the Seine was occupied by the University. The foundation of the College Royale by Francis I., which gave an impulse to the studies at the same time that it aroused the jealousies of the University, took place in 1531—at the very time, therefore, when Ignatius and his companions were students. The influence of the new College was favourable to innovations of every kind, and therefore gave umbrage to the orthodox. Calvin had studied at the College Montaigu, where Ignatius attended the classes of grammar, a few years before his arrival, and he returned from Bourges to Paris to disseminate heresy in 1534. Ramus, another great innovator, came to Paris in 1523, and began by attaching himself as servant to a rich student at the College of Navarre. He took his degree as Master of Arts in 1536, two years after Ignatius. The Colleges were originally the places of residence of the scholars, many of whom lived on "burses" attached to the foundation. They were under the care of a "regent," who took them to the public lectures of the University. Afterwards the teaching was carried on in the Colleges themselves, as at the English Universities at the present day. St. Ignatius did not proceed to the College of St. Barbara till after he had spent nearly a year in Paris, during which he appears, as has been said, to have studied "grammar."

Fevre tempts us to linger over the first mention of his name, though we may find other opportunities of speaking of him at greater length. When Ignatius arrived in Paris, Pierre Le Fevre was in his twenty-second year, and already far advanced in his studies in philosophy. Piety and simplicity were combined in him with a singular love of study and a remarkable appreciation of the value of intellectual gifts. His parents, though not wealthy, had still sufficient means to support him as a student, and this he accounted as one of the great blessings of his life. At the age of ten, when tending his father's sheep, he had been inspired with a very ardent desire of knowledge, and had begged most earnestly from his parents the privilege of a good education. They consented, and placed him under the charge of a master, Pierre Viliard,* of whom he always spoke with the most intense gratitude, and whom after his death he used to invoke as a saint. Viliard's means raised him above the necessity of teaching for gain, but he kept school for the love of imparting knowledge, and he took care to season his lessons with instructions in piety. Pierre Le Fevre said of him that he had a way of making the profane authors whom he taught speak the language of the Gospel. The possibility of this will be denied by no one who is acquainted with the spirit in which the Catholic Church has, from the first, sanctioned the use of the great masters of Greek and Roman literature in the education of her own children. The classics are dangerous if taught in any other spirit, but when they are used in accordance with it, they are not only harmless, but full of beauties and fruitful in advantages which can be found nowhere else. After two years of study under a master of this kind, we find the young Pierre Le Fevre solemnly consecrating himself to God by a vow of chastity; and he has left it on record that his fondness for study helped him greatly to keep his vow, as well as to escape numerous temptations and to make progress in virtue. At the age of eighteen he went to the University of Paris, and began his philosophical studies under Juan Peña, at the College of St. Barbara. He became at once the most distinguished and favourite pupil

* The orthography of the name is uncertain.

of his master, and when Ignatius presented himself for the same purpose, and took up his abode in the same room with Pierre Le Fevre and Francis Xavier, Pierre was selected by Peña to "repeat" the lectures on philosophy to the new student, with whom he soon became very intimate.

Francis Xavier, with whom Ignatius was thus brought into contact at the same time as with Pierre Le Fevre, was of a different character from the gentle and simple Savoyard, though like him in the purity of his life, in the excellence of his intellectual gifts, and in his devotion to study. The youngest son of a large and very noble family, he had early surprised his relatives by preferring the pursuit of letters to that of war. The nobility of his family came from his mother, the sole heiress of the houses of Azpilcueta and Xavier. His father was a man of the robe and the pen, high in employment with the King of Aragon, and he was not sorry to see Francis inclined to a career more like his own than that of a soldier; so he made the effort that was required to send his son to Paris without reluctance, though not without difficulty. It is disappointing that we should be left so very much to our imagination if we would form a picture of the earlier years of one who became afterwards so singularly attractive as well as so wonderfully holy. But no one has preserved for us any childish anecdote of St. Francis which may be placed by the side of St. Teresa's youthful attempt at martyrdom, when she set out with her little brother to seek it at the hands of the Moors. We are left to infer his sweetness of disposition, his high and quick spirit, his generosity and courage, as a boy or a youth, from the evidence of these qualities which meet us in him in after years. We can draw no picture on which we can rely of the family group at the Castle of Xavier. There was the high-born tender mother, who may have loved him specially as the youngest of her children, and whom in after years he was to pass by unvisited on his road to the Indies, not only, perhaps, that he might fill to the letter the injunction of our Lord,* but also because it might have

* *Neminem per viam solutaveritis* (Luc. x. 4).

cost him too much to expose her and himself to the sorrows of a parting interview. The father, the man of business, skilled in the management of affairs, and the trusted servant of his Sovereign, would be of a different character, while the many sons perhaps despised their father's profession, and considered that Francis had made a strange choice in giving himself to letters. There was one sister, who might have trained him in saintly ways, as she became herself renowned for sanctity, but she probably left her home early to hold a post at the Court of Queen Isabella, before she renounced the world to become the famous Abbess of the Poor Clares at Gandia.

We know but little more of the career of Francis Xavier at Paris. The University was at that time neither perfect in discipline nor immaculate in morals, or even in orthodoxy. The multitudes of young men who flocked thither from all parts were probably exposed to as great temptations as are now incurred by the students of any Continental University, and, on account of the entire absence of moral supervision, to greater than are to be met with, as an ordinary rule, under the collegiate system of Oxford and Cambridge. Francis was brilliant and industrious, and his life was marked by a singular purity—a virtue against which many snares were sure to be laid in an atmosphere like that of Paris, and which the scanty discipline and independent life of the students did not do much to protect. That he lived pure is a sign that he could not have been eaten up by pride, vanity, and ambition; but at the time of which we are speaking he enjoyed his own great reputation and success, and the perfection of Christian humility and love of contempt had not conquered in his heart the high thoughts of opening manhood and the native haughtiness of his race. He had a heart capable of the largest devotion and the fullest self-sacrifice, a vigour of will that could never have stopped short of success in any career to which he had once given himself, a mind above the world, and yet—because the light from heaven which was to guide him to the high sanctity to which he was destined had not yet shone upon it—inclined for the moment to occupy

itself with such glories as that of a great teacher of philosophy, a renowned doctor, or a brilliant Prelate. He himself tells us, in the first of his letters, that he had not escaped exposure to the danger of the corrupt doctrines which were insidiously disseminated among the youth of the University. He had been too ready to trust the fair appearances of some men of his own age, of ready wit and great accomplishments, who were infected by heresy, and who might in time have led him astray after them. From this danger he was saved by means of the greatest of all the blessings he received at Paris — the friendship of Ignatius.

Yet, strange to say, Francis Xavier was by no means won at once to accept this friendship as a blessing, and his case is not altogether an uncommon one. There is often an air of sadness and a reserve about men of lofty minds and large intellectual powers who have not yet been ennobled by a great religious vocation, as if they, most of all men, felt instinctively the little that the world can ask them to do and the emptiness of its rewards, and yet were blind to the opportunities of mighty work and of glorious crowns which are open to those whom God calls to his service. When their own vocation becomes manifest to them, their trial corresponds exactly to that of the young man in the Gospel, whose eagerness in asking the question as to perfection was a proof of the uneasiness with which his soul was secretly consumed. *Quid adhuc mihi deest?* are the words of one who feels a want he does not know how to supply. Then comes the revelation of the truth which tests their hearts to the very core. *Si vis perfectus esse vade, et vende omnia quæ possides, et da pauperibus, et habebis thesaurum in cælo, et veni, sequere Me!* and when those who have been more faithful to so gracious though so severe an invitation than he to whom it was first given, look back on their state before their surrender to grace, whether that surrender be made at once or only after an internal struggle, they are often inclined to accuse themselves of pride, of vanity, of a contempt of littleness and humility, which certainly at the time were not conscious and deliberate faults. Another characteristic of minds as

yet in a state of struggle and uncertainty is a sort of instinctive fear of, and shrinking from, the persons or things which seem either to rebuke their hesitation or to have the power of forcing upon them a clearer and severer light as to the will of God. They feel themselves in the presence of a master whose eye is reading their soul, and they often take occasion, from any mistakes that may be made in the manner of dealing with them, or even from personal and accidental circumstances of birth, or condition, or character, or antecedents, to recoil from advances made to them, or interest and kindness displayed towards them. "The word of God is living and effectual, and more piercing than any two-edged sword, and reaching unto the division of the soul and the spirit, of the joints also and the marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."* The presence of those who have the gift of making us read our own characters and vocations more clearly than before is often felt by human nature as that of a sword pointed at our hearts.

Pierre Le Fevre and Francis Xavier stand by themselves at the head of the famous six men who formed with Ignatius the first members of the Society of Jesus. The other four had high qualities enough to interest us intensely if they were not somewhat cast into the shade by those two. We must mention them very briefly, in order to pass on to matters more immediately belonging to our subject. Simon Rodriguez of Azevedo was the first in order of time to form acquaintance with Ignatius. He was a Portuguese, born at Berzella. Both his father's family—he was a Gonsalvez—and his mother's, whose name Simon took, are illustrious in the annals of the Society. He was a child in arms when his father died, and the good Gonsalvez had commended him prophetically to the special care of his mother as one for whom God intended a great destiny in the Church. The King of Portugal had at his own expense sent him to Paris to study, and his devotion had inspired him with designs somewhat like those formed by Ignatius himself, of an apostolic life in the Holy Land. When, therefore, he

* Heb. iv. 12.

made acquaintance with Ignatius, he was easily disposed to join him and put himself under his guidance. We have a special debt of gratitude to Simon Rodriguez, as he is the only one of the first disciples of Ignatius who has left us in writing an account of the early years of the Society. After Simon, we find James Laynez, Alfonsus Salmeron, and Nicolas Bobadilla, joining the silently-formed company; silently, indeed, for each one was unaware of the thoughts and intentions of the rest, and supposed himself to be the only friend and associate of Ignatius.

Layneze was about the same age as Pierre Le Fevre, and some five or six years younger than Francis Xavier; Salmeron was younger still—indeed, only eighteen—but he was already known as a prodigy of learning. These two men, who of all the first companions of Ignatius were the most learned, and destined to become the most conspicuous as theologians, were yet attracted to Paris, as we are assured, from Alcala, where they had made their studies, less by an esteem for the advantages of the great University than by their desire to make the acquaintance of Ignatius, of whose sanctity they had heard so much in the very place where he had been persecuted and imprisoned. Theology, properly so called, was the study in which Laynez particularly excelled; Salmeron was famous for his knowledge of the ancient languages, including Hebrew. His character is stamped for us on the admirable and copious commentaries on the New Testament which he has left behind him, which combine to a degree uncommon even among Catholic and religious commentators the qualities of solidity, clearness, piety, and the soundest judgment. When we consider that they were preached as discourses, and are the first specimen of those *Lezione Sacre* which afterwards became an institution in the Society, and indeed in the Church, we are tempted to admire not only the learning and piety of their author, but the eagerness for solid instruction which must have characterized the crowds, often of the most eminent men in Rome, who listened to them without weariness. The great career of Laynez as a theologian at the Council of Trent, his succeeding Ignatius as the second General of his Order,

and the design seriously entertained by a large number of the Cardinals to raise him to the Pontifical throne after the death of Paul IV., are too well known to be dwelt upon in detail here. He left behind him, we believe, a whole system of theology in manuscript, and we can hardly imagine a more valuable monument of the soundest theology of the age of the Council of Trent. But, though the manuscript exists, the handwriting is said to be absolutely illegible. Nicolas Bobadilla completes the inner circle of Parisian students around St. Ignatius. He had studied "humanities" at Valladolid, and had come to Paris to study philosophy. Ignatius was already well enough known to be continually supplied with alms for his own support, and these were even more abundant than his necessities required. The Spanish merchants in the Low Countries, and still more those in England, gave liberally to him. He was thus able to pursue his studies without interruption, and also to help other students like himself. Nicolas was poor and unknown, and became the friend of Ignatius in the first instance by being the receiver of his charitable aid. He was a man of great ability and devotion, more fitted, however, to be guided than to guide, and whose zeal in after years not unfrequently overcame his prudence. It is strange to remember that he was the one of the first companions of Ignatius who, if the arrangement just made had been carried out, would have had the great work assigned to him which was accomplished by Francis Xavier. Providence overruled the plan, by keeping Bobadilla on a bed of sickness until the time had passed for the Father demanded by the King of Portugal to set out from Rome. Useful as Bobadilla might have been, we can hardly think that the Indies lost by the exchange.

It takes but a short time to run through the few particular details which require notice as to the seven years (1528—1535) which were passed by Ignatius in Paris, and which witnessed the quiet and deliberate formation of the first Fathers of the Society. We catch glimpses of his visit to Flanders and England for the purpose of obtaining alms, of the widespread influences which he

exercised in Paris over many besides those who became his intimate companions, of the opposition which a character and a work like his was certain to meet with, of heroic acts of charity and mortification, of persecution and public suspicion, and of one or two attempts at violence against him. It cannot surprise us to hear of his failure in some cases to win the souls to which he laid siege. Many must have turned away from him sorrowfully, and it seems certain that if the results of his labour for souls at the University were to be measured by the actual numbers of those whom he induced to join his Society, he might to human eyes have appeared to have toiled almost in vain. But, in fact, his apostleship was far too wide in its influence to be estimated by this test, and he was himself too clear-sighted, too prudent, and too single-minded to wish to shape all the souls that came under his influence in the particular mould and form which characterized the men of the Society. The anecdotes that remain to us of this time show us how he was perpetually on the watch to do good in any form or degree, whether by inducing the victim of a criminal passion to abandon the occasion of his sin, or by prevailing upon a Prelate of expensive and worldly habits to live more in accordance with the duties of his calling. By the side of records of opposition, persecution, and deafness to his influence, we find the most indisputable evidence of the deep general respect in which Ignatius was held, and we are told of the very large numbers whom he induced to lead a more perfect life, or to enter the religious state in various institutions. For his own body he gained a few noble and devoted souls, and we cannot doubt that his chief care was their gradual training and formation. One greater than any of the saints, One Whom Ignatius constantly set before himself as his Pattern and Master, had spent three years of the most active apostolical life, illustrated by the most marvellous miracles, and at the end of that term the visible fruit of His labour seemed to be confined to a dozen intimate followers—not strong enough to stand by Him in the hour of trial—a few devout women, and some

scores of less matured disciples. Yet the Church was formed in the formation of the band of the Apostles, and in her the great instrument of the regeneration of the world was brought to perfection. It may be that there is often this analogy between the most real and lasting work of the great saints, and the secret, quiet, and almost invisible labour of the Incarnate Son of God in the hearts and souls of His Apostles. Certainly, in respect of the point of which we are speaking, as the solid foundations of the Church were laid in the three years' ministry, so the seven years which passed between the arrival of Ignatius in Paris and the departure of the first Jesuits from that capital on their way to Venice, embrace the time during which the founder of the Society of Jesus stamped with indelible characters the essential features of his institute on the souls of his companions, and moulded them into that spiritual form which they ever afterwards retained. At a later time, he had no leisure for this work. After this time he becomes the ruler, the prudent guide, the administrator of the affairs of the body, and its representative before authorities, secular and ecclesiastical, and before the world at large. At this stage he is, as it were, the master of novices, the patient cultivator of a few chosen souls, who is hereafter to reap the fruit of his prayers and penances and continual watchfulness in seeing his children serving the Church in her great Council, restoring the use of the long-neglected Sacraments, staving off the ruin of tottering orthodoxy in Germany, reforming the courtiers of Spain, Portugal, or Austria, beginning that internecine war with heresy and infidelity which has ever been the chosen service of their successors, or bearing across the Atlantic, or to the newly-opened worlds of India and the farthest East, the treasures of the Catholic faith which were being spurned by so many nations who had formerly been among the most devoted servants of the Church.

Pierre Le Fevre, the first of the disciples of Ignatius, is perhaps that one of them all as to his dealings with whom we have the most detailed account. Pierre was tormented with scruples, and this interior misery seems to have driven

him in the first instance to open his heart to his friend, who seemed to possess a serenity, and peace of mind, and gift of discernment as remarkable as the purity of his life and his zeal for souls. Ignatius, without at once teaching Pierre to meditate on the great mysteries, or initiating him into the *Exercises*, taught him great watchfulness over himself, and some of the methods of what is called the "discernment of spirits." He further recommended him to make a general confession, and to adopt the then unusual practice of weekly confession and Communion. He taught him also the use of the "particular examen," for the purpose, first, of overcoming one by one the faults that he discovered in his own character—taking the most predominant first, and then of acquiring in the same manner virtue after virtue, continuing the exercise as to each till he had acquired the habit of it. He continued him in this simple method for two years, the term afterwards fixed in the Society for the duration of the noviceship. It was not till after Pierre Le Fevre had made very great progress under his direction, and had resolved on placing himself in his hands for the whole of his life, to live after the example of the Apostles in poverty and labours for the glory of God, and not till after he had revisited his home to bid it farewell, and had returned to Paris, that Ignatius allowed him to go through the Spiritual Exercises in the midst of a very cold winter, which gave his penitent an opportunity of practising the severest mortification by exposing himself to the cold, as well as prolonging his fast for several days. Thus Ignatius prepared him for receiving the priesthood—first of all the Society. In the summer of the same year Pierre Le Fevre celebrated his first Mass on the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene, and, nearly a month later, it was he who said the Mass at the church of our Lady at Montmartre, when all his associates received Communion at his hands, and, for the first time, made their vows. It was the Feast of the Assumption, 1534.

It is remarkable that at this moment, from which may be dated the birth of the Society of Jesus, there was but one other of the little band of the followers of Ignatius

who had not yet passed through the Spiritual Exercises, which had been so long delayed in the case of Pierre le Fevre. That one was Francis Xavier. That it should have been so shows the singular patience and caution of Ignatius in dealing with this great and heroic soul, though it appears that a secondary reason for the delay existed in the occupation of Francis as a lecturer in philosophy. Yet it seems hardly likely that this alone would have caused so long a delay. It is not impossible that Ignatius, who afterwards delayed the celebration of his own first Mass for so many months after his ordination as priest, may in many cases have refrained from giving the Exercises to souls in whom he hoped after a time to see the most perfect possible dispositions for so great a spiritual act, the fruits of which must always depend in very great measure upon the fervour with which it is entered upon. He often used the Exercises, or some part of them, for the awakening and conversion of persons who were leading lives below their Christian profession ; but they were also, in his hands, the frequent means by which a sacrifice and consecration of self to God which had already been carried very far might be consummated according to the requirements of the sublimest perfection. The truths of the Exercises, like certain graces of the Sacraments, will produce their most marvellous effects upon the souls which receive them most worthily.

We have already remarked that Francis Xavier was at first somewhat inclined to turn away from Ignatius, from whom he shrank with a sort of fear, which readily disguised itself under the mask of contempt for the gentleman of noble lineage who had demeaned himself so lowly as to beg for alms and lead the life of a pauper. We can hardly help seeing a prudent care in dealing with such souls as that of Xavier in the celebrated remonstrance with the rector of the College which Ignatius made in the early beginning of his own philosophical studies, against a public chastisement to which it was intended to expose him on account of the influence which he was exercising over a large number of young men, whom he seemed to be withdrawing from their proper pursuits as students for

the sake of giving their time to exercises of piety. His conversation on divine things was irresistibly attractive, and it may well have been that in many cases the bounds of discretion were passed by his scholars. The disputations held on feast-days in the College were neglected, and the time was spent in church instead of in the schools. The professor remonstrated in vain, and at length laid the matter before the rector, Andrew Govea, who determined to inflict on Ignatius the ignominious form of punishment known as a public flagellation.

The reader of any one of the numerous lives of St. Ignatius will remember the oft-repeated story, how he at first recoiled from the idea of submitting to so great an indignity, and how he overcame the risings of pride by the love of the Cross and of humility; and how, after he had presented himself as usual at the College, after the gates were closed behind him, and the students assembled by the sound of the bell to be witnesses of the chastisement which was to degrade him for ever in the eyes of the University, he sought an interview with the rector, and, in a few gentle and earnest words, set before him the dishonour that would be done to God if any one were punished publicly whose only crime was, in substance, a burning desire and zeal to make others love and serve better the Divine Majesty. Govea, the rector, was converted on the spot, and, taking the hand of Ignatius, led him into the hall, where the members of the College were assembled in expectation, and there threw himself at the feet of the saint, acknowledging his own error, and bearing the most honourable witness to his goodness and sanctity. If the scene which had been prepared by the enemies of Ignatius might have been calculated most seriously to injure him in the yet wavering mind of Francis Xavier, we can hardly imagine anything more likely to force on him a true estimate, not only of Ignatius himself, but of the cause of which he was the representative and the advocate, than the very different scene which actually took place. Here was something higher, better, nobler than the applause which waited upon the ordinary triumphs of the University. Francis

was at that time teaching philosophy with great success, and his biographers have all related how earnestly Ignatius set himself to win that noble heart, praising him to himself and others, and doing all in his power to increase the number of his pupils. It appears also, from the first letter in our collection—the earliest which remains to us from the pen of Francis Xavier—that Ignatius also supplied him with money during some part of his career at Paris. By so many various means Ignatius sought to secure the confidence and the respect of Francis, and when these were gained he used them to open to himself the opportunity of conversing with his friend and disciple on spiritual subjects, and of sounding in his ears the great maxim of Jesus Christ—“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” We may probably judge of the state of mind in which Francis then found himself from his own famous letter about the doctors of the University, written several years later, when he was in the midst of his career as the Apostle of the Indies. “They labour night and day to acquire knowledge, and they give all diligence to mastering the subjects of their studies, but if they would spend as much trouble in that which is the solid fruit of learning and in teaching the ignorant those things which are necessary unto salvation, they would certainly be far better prepared to meet their Lord when He says to them, ‘Give an account of your stewardship.’ I fear very much that those who spend so many years in our Universities in studying the liberal arts, do so rather with a view to empty honours and ecclesiastical titles, than to the duties and the burthens which are connected with those distinctions. It has come to this pass, I perceive, that those who are the most diligent in their studies of higher literature, make open profession that their object in doing this is to gain a reputation for learning, and so obtain some ecclesiastical dignity through which to serve our Lord and His Church. Miserable mistake! it is their own profit, not the profit of the public, that they are seeking by their studies. *They are afraid that God will not choose what their own desires point to, and so they are unwilling to commit the whole matter (of*

their vocation) entirely to the will of God."* These may well be the words of one who had had intimate experience of the struggle which is inevitable when the soul that wishes to serve God has conceived desires of its own as to the manner in which it is to serve Him; and we can understand how the conversation of a saintly friend, persistently harping on the great maxims of Christian perfection, must have caused sorrow and disturbance in a generous mind until the moment came when the battle was won.

Spiritual conversation, indeed, was, both now and at other times, the great weapon of Ignatius. We hear of his preaching in Spain and even elsewhere, but his sermons probably derived their power far more from the fervour of his charity and the authority of his example than from any gift of eloquence, native or acquired. But the art of winning souls to God by holy conversation may almost be called one of the incommunicable privileges of true sanctity, and it was this that made Ignatius a power in the University of Paris, as a similar art had made Socrates so great among the thinking portion of his countrymen at Athens. It was this that gathered round him the small circle of immediate disciples of whom we are now speaking; it was this that bound them to him by so intense and solid a devotion, and that gave him so wonderful an influence over a far wider circle among the companions of their studies. As we have seen, Pierre Le Fevre was made his disciple by this means alone, and, in the same way, it was by this that his empire over the soul of Francis Xavier was gradually gained.

The remaining obstacles to the perfect adhesion of Francis to the plans of Ignatius, came, as has often been related, from without. His father had put himself to considerable expense for the sake of supporting him at the University of Paris, and he thought of sending for him to his own country, where, of course, his chance of ecclesiastical preferment, to which the father naturally looked as the fruit of all his own sacrifices, would be the greatest. Indeed, we hear of the offer of a canonry at Pampeluna made to Francis just before he finally left Paris. At an earlier period, when his theological studies were as yet

* Ep., i., 14.

incomplete, his father is said to have been deterred from recalling him only by the intercession of his own daughter already mentioned, the holy nun in the convent of St. Clare at Gandia, who wrote to tell him that God had chosen her brother for a great work in the Church. Another effort was made by a dependent of Xavier's, who attempted to assassinate Ignatius when he saw the ascendancy which he was acquiring over his patron. We are not told of the exact moment at which Francis took his final and irrevocable resolution to give up the world. Such designs often mature very gradually in hearts like his.

When we consider the work actually performed by the religious body of which these immediate followers of Ignatius became the nucleus, and compare it with the designs which they had conceived at the time of their first solemn consecration of themselves to God in the church of Montmatre, we are inclined to be surprised at the discrepancy between the issue and the intention. The Holy Land was the great object of their ambition—not merely that they might visit it as pilgrims, as Ignatius had done, but that they might obtain leave to remain and to preach there. Even at the outset, however, they seem to have understood that this design might never be fulfilled. Still, it was the original plan of the whole body. They were to wait a year at Venice for the opportunity of passing to the East, and only when that space of time had been passed in fruitless expectation were they to proceed to Rome to place themselves absolutely at the disposal of the Supreme Pontiff. And yet it is known that Ignatius had had the whole outline and plan of the Society which he was to form set before him at Manresa. Can it be that, but for the war between the Venetians and Solyman, the Society of Jesus would have pursued so very different a career from that which has actually been its portion? Would it have left heresy unopposed in Europe, would it never have undertaken the renovation of Christian education and the reformation of manners at home, would its name never have been heard of in the schools and its services never rendered to literature in every branch from theology and philosophy down to physical science and

grammar? The answer is surely to be found in the character of the men whom Ignatius had gathered round him, and in the importance which he invariably and at so much cost attached, both in his own case and in that of others, to intellectual cultivation and deep theological learning. His object was in the first instance to form them in the true Apostolical spirit after the model of our Lord, to detach them perfectly from all earthly things, and inflame them to the utmost with the fire of the love of God. It was his object in the second place to arm them in the most complete intellectual and theological panoply that could be acquired anywhere in Christendom, and so to fit them to carry on the Apostolical work in any region whatever of the world, civilized or uncivilized, Christian and Pagan, with those full resources even of human learning of the use of which we see so marked an instance in the career of St. Paul. We may judge of the universality of his aim from the large range of acquirements, spiritual and intellectual, with which he sought to store his followers—content, with such an end in view, to wait for so many precious years before he launched them on the world.

If it appears to us that Palestine might have been no fitting field for the labours of men of this stamp, it may be that we have too long accustomed ourselves to accept the present state of things in the East as something to be acquiesced in without an effort, something which the sober judgment of Christian men is to consider as beyond the hope of change. Palestine was not to be the providential scene of the labours of the companions of Ignatius, but we cannot conclude from this that the very greatest results, even for Europe, might not have issued from their enterprise if it had been the will of God that it should be carried out. The East is nearer to us than India, China, Japan, or the New World. Whenever the day of regeneration shall dawn for the East, for Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt, and the region of the Euphrates and the Caspian, then a blow will have been struck at the power which hinders the progress of God's Kingdom upon earth such as it has never yet felt. That region is the very heart of the world, and its conquest

to the Church would even now, humanly speaking, ensure the accomplishment of that great work which has been for so many centuries prevented by the Greek schism and the dominion of Islam—the work of the Christianization of Asia. But great as this blow would be even now, it may be said that its consequences would have been far greater then, when the Turks were still a power which kept Europe in awe by sea and by land, when Lepanto had not been fought, nor Malta besieged, nor the flood of barbarian invasion rolled back from the walls of Vienna, and when the colossal power of Russia had not yet risen up to aid by its strength the schism of Constantinople. We shall follow Francis Xavier in his labours in the still farther East—labours the fruits of which it cost the Church incredible efforts to keep up and develop for more than two centuries by supplies from Europe, supplies which always depended in great measure upon the good-will of politicians, and which were at last dried up, almost entirely, by the triumph of the Bourbon Courts in the suppression of the Society. The evangelizing of the far East, bright and grand as its history is, might have had annals far brighter and grander if the work had been begun in Palestine, and had advanced steadily eastwards. We shall find Francis, at the very end of his short career, renewing in some sense the design with which he began, in his intention to preach westward from China until he came again to the shores of the Mediterranean. Such are the dreams of saints. But we must not measure them by our narrow views of expediency or possibility, and we may feel assured that if Ignatius and his companions had really been sent by Providence to Palestine, they might not have done the less in their own persons and in those of their followers in the battle against heresy or worldliness or ignorance in the Catholic countries of Europe.

We must pass rapidly over the time—a space of two years and three months—which passed between the first happy meeting of the companions of Ignatius in the crypt at Montmatre, where they pronounced their vows and received Communion from the hands of Pierre Le Fevre, to the 15th of November, 1536, when they finally left

Paris on their road to Venice, there to attempt the accomplishment of their design of passing to the Holy Land. We are not told at what exact point in his academical career Francis Xavier left off the teaching of philosophy and devoted himself to the study of theology, but we know that the completion of their theological studies was the chief reason for the delay resolved upon by Ignatius. It would take too long, also, for our present paper, to follow Francis through the Exercises, which he made some time after the day of the first vows. The rules of the little Society were few and simple. They were unable to live in common, but they met on Sundays and feasts, were as much in one another's company as possible, and for the purpose of fostering charity and of that immense spiritual profit which comes from intercourse with congenial souls on fire with the love of God, they invited one another to their simple meals, and thus renewed the "Love-feasts" of the early Christians. Ignatius himself was with them only till the end of March in the year following the meeting at Montmatre. He went to Spain, partly for his health, and partly also that he might arrange the private affairs of some of the little body, Francis Xavier, Laynez, and Salmeron, who thought it more prudent not to revisit their homes for such a purpose. One more associate, Claude Le Jay, of Geneva, had been added to the little Society before Ignatius left. Two more, who raised the number of the original Fathers to ten, John Cordurius, and Paschase Brouet, were gathered in after his departure, when Pierre La Fevre was a sort of Father and Superior to the rest in the place of Ignatius. They practised weekly confession and Communion, daily meditation and examination of conscience, and spiritual reading in the Bible and the *Imitation of Christ*. The rest of their time was given to study and to such good works as lay within the sphere of students such as they were.

It takes but a few lines thus to describe the life led by Francis Xavier and his friends during their last years at the University. But the happiest, the brightest, the most peaceful stages of our lives, those which influence the remainder of our course because they have been the

seed-times of our minds and souls, those which mould and develope our affections, and to which our memories turn back with the fondest thankfulness, are often those which can thus easily be summed up. Tranquil times have little history, but they are yet the times of growth and of maturing life. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the earth, and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring, and grow up whilst he knoweth not. For the earth of itself bringeth forth fruit, first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear. And when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."* The harvest was to come in its time for Xavier and the rest. Meanwhile their life was steady, uniform, obscure. They passed from their rooms to the schools or to the church, from the schools and the church to the meadows and walks on the banks of the Seine, to Montmartre and its quarries, or on some hidden errand of mercy or charity. Ignatius had so formed each one that his presence was not needed to guide them at every moment, or to retain them in their unity of purpose, or to prevent them from falling asunder. They enjoyed the highest of Christian delights in their own mutual love and confidence, at the same time that they were adding daily to their stores of intellectual and spiritual wisdom. They were never again to be so much together, so much at peace and at rest. But wherever they went in after years, in the Old World or the New World, to Court or Council or Bishop or King, among Catholics or heretics or the heathen, they would retain their affection for one another, their brotherhood of spiritual formation, and the intellectual development and the theological learning which they had so patiently reaped within the bosom of the great University.

H. J. C.

* St. Mark iv. 26—29.

[In order to explain one or two expressions in the foregoing article, it may be mentioned that it is an extract from a forthcoming work on the *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.*]

Wafted Seeds.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACK WILTON CONSIDERS HIS POSITION.

THERE was some little discussion at the convent on the morning after the decease of Mr. Charles North, as to the place of his burial. John North wished him to be buried in the churchyard at Shotterton, by the side of his father, mother, and sister—in a part of the ground, indeed, where there were graves of several generations of the North family. But this raised at once a religious difficulty. Such a thing could be done, Father Mortimer said; there were some Catholic families which still did this, which had been a sort of necessity in old times, and it was not uncommonly the case, where an old Catholic family owned the chief estate in the parish, that there was a chapel or chantry belonging to it, in which the members of the family continued to be buried by the side of their ancestors. Charles might be considered as an Amyot by marriage, especially as he possessed the old Amyot property, and he might be buried, if all due leave was obtained, in the old Amyot vault. Nor was there any absolute impossibility as to his burial in the churchyard.

“But then, Mr. North,” said the good Father, kindly, “don’t you think that your brother would like to have the Catholic rites used for him at the last?”

John North groaned inwardly. He could not deny the justice of the objection, and yet he was rather unreasonably tempted to resent it as forcing upon him the pang of the separation between his brother and himself in the matter of religion, the wound of which was still green, and which indeed he had hardly yet learnt fully to understand. How often it happens that we grant a conclusion or accept a condition of things on grounds of reason, and then let our feelings bias us when it comes to be a question of action! If it were not so, Catholics and converts would have comparatively few hardships left in a country and in a society like ours. But Mr. North gave way about the burial in Shotterton churchyard. Then Cecilia urged that Charles might lie in the little cemetery attached to the convent chapel, a part of which was set aside for the use of the Catholics of the neighbourhood. But John North objected that his own family would like to follow their uncle to the grave, and that there would be resentment at Shotterton generally if his bones were laid at a distance from his home. Then Barbara proposed a third plan. “Surely uncle

Charles would wish to lie by the side of aunt Teresa?" Teresa had been buried at Shotcote. The Amyots had for the last thirty or forty years given up the old custom of burying the members of their family in the vaults at Shotterton—and this furnished a reason against Father Mortimer's suggestion—and had used a little cemetery in their own grounds instead, and here there were already a few graves. The Shotterton people would not think it too far, and there was a plain reason for putting husband and wife together. This plan was approved by John Wilton, and John North had already half consented to it, when the mid-day train brought Mr. Amyot himself to the convent. He had been away from home when Barbara left, and on his return had come off straight, in hopes of finding his brother-in-law still alive. He warmly adopted his daughter's suggestion, and then John North gave way.

Mr. Amyot was a fine healthy old man of more than sixty, still, even at that age, one of the keenest sportsmen in the county in which he lived, with a certain primness and spruceness about his dress and entire "get up" which was partly a tradition of the time when Catholic gentlemen were obliged to make peculiar efforts at perfect correctness in all matters of fashion in order to get themselves accepted in society, and partly the effect of several years residence in Paris and one or two other Continental cities in earlier life. He was not very bookish, certainly, but he was well informed on all that related to country pursuits, not excepting the details of farming and cattle-breeding. He was a good magistrate, and had even once or twice got through a public speech very fairly. He was old enough to have received all his education and most of his ideas in the times before Emancipation, and represented thoroughly the old school of English Catholicism. Circumstances, however, and particularly his alliance with Charles North and his acquaintance with Mr. Wychwood and his family, had made him take great interest in the development of the movement towards Catholicism which has been going on in the midst of Anglicanism for the last forty years. For the rest, he was kind-hearted and hospitable, and, like all the Amyots, extremely popular in his neighbourhood. The people always preserved the tradition that the family had been unjustly ousted from their property at the Manor, and the history of the estate since the rightful owners had been deprived of it had been such as to keep up an impression that it would never be very well with its possessors until the Amyots came back.

John North was, as I have said, a little put out by the discussion about the funeral of his brother. He was a man of keen feelings, and it jarred upon him that Charles should be carried to the grave in a different manner from the rest of the family. He had hardly recovered his perfect equanimity when it became necessary for him to tell Jack Wilton of the state in which his uncle's affairs had been left in consequence of the rapid crisis of his illness, which had prevented him from signing his new will.

"Come here, my dear fellow," he said, after luncheon; "you and I must have a few words before I go."

He was to go home at once with Mr. Amyot, who would send his son Reginald to fetch Barbara as soon as the preparations were made for the transfer of the body to Shotcote.

"Did your uncle tell you of his intentions as to the disposal of his property before I came? We must talk of these things at once."

"Yes," said Jack. "He told me how very kind he meant to be to me and Margaret, and that you knew pretty well how things were to go."

"Dear fellow! he loved you like his son, Jack, for the sake of our dear Mary. Well, I want you to know that all will be exactly as he intended it, though I am sorry to say there will be a little delay, as everything must come into my hands first. I had all but finished the copy of the will for him to sign when I was called away by the Prioress, and then, as you know, the crisis came on so suddenly that there was no time for anything."

"Do you mean, uncle, that the will was not signed?"

"Not signed, I grieve to say, Jack. But you are quite safe in my hands. I have the draft of his intentions exactly, and that will be law to me, far more sacred than an Act of Parliament."

Jack was not much of a lawyer, but he was taken aback at the unexpected intelligence. "But, Uncle John," he said, "how does everything come into your hands? Are you the sole heir-at-law? Is there not some difference between money and lands as to that?"

"By law," said John North, "the land would all come to me, and the other property would be divided between us. But your uncle left a will, made a great many years ago, and we must find that and go by it. It so happens that almost all its direct provisions will be void, as they refer to your aunt Teresa and to the children who might have come to your uncle, and thus, except a legacy to your mother, which will come, I think, to you, the whole property falls into my hands as residuary legatee. This will enable me at once to carry out the intentions expressed in the will which was not signed. I shall make over Shotterton Manor to you as soon as possible. There is one thing which you must decide for yourself. Your uncle Charles had a share, I think it is a sixth or seventh, in the business in which he worked for so many years. It brought him in about a thousand a year. This may either be divided between us, or may be entirely yours if you like to buy me out in order that you may go into the work yourself and make it an occupation. Besides the Manor, there is also a sum of nine or ten thousand pounds which will come to you under the draft of which I speak. But then of course I must look things up, and all this won't be the business of a single day. I shall get through it as quickly as I can, Jack," he added, musingly, "for if I were to be knocked up suddenly as your dear uncle has been, I don't know how it might all go." He knew well enough that William North, his son, would not think himself bound by his uncle's

intentions, and that he would even oppose, as far as he dared, their being carried out by his own father.

Jack thanked his uncle heartily, but he was certainly disconcerted. The great fondness with which Charles North had treated him had perhaps led him unconsciously to withdraw his confidence from his elder uncle. Mrs. North he had never been able to get on with. William and Charlotte treated him with some reserve and coldness, as if they were jealous of his position. His younger cousins, Louisa and Mary, were as affectionate to him as possible, and had indeed supplied that sisterly element in the range of his affections but for which the heart of man would be without almost its purest, tenderest, brightest delights. But they were the only two members of the family with whom he was thoroughly at home.

At parting, John North took him aside for a moment, and told him how heartily he congratulated him upon his choice of a wife. "You know we never heard much about it, Jack," he said, "and when people hide what they have done or are going to do from their friends, the latter naturally suspect something not quite right. And I suppose we had a little prejudice, I am sorry to say, against her blood and her creed. People don't generally go to Connaught to find pearls, but there are pearls, it seems, in Connaught, and you've got one, I think, my dear Jack. I'm very glad to have seen her, and especially glad that she saw your dear uncle before his end. But she looks terribly delicate; you must take great care of her. You ought to have some lady friend for her, some one, if possible, that might be a mother to her." Then he sighed gently, and recovering himself, slipped into Jack's hand a closed envelope, which he told him to open when he was gone. Jack found that it contained a cheque for a hundred pounds, with these words: "You may want a little for a week or two.—J. N." As it happened, he did not want it immediately, but it served somehow to confirm his trust in his uncle's absolute uprightness and honour, on which he now found that he was entirely dependent. But the few kind words he had said to him about Margaret were worth more to him than any number of cheques. Was Margaret so delicate, though? Jack had known little of illness, and had not a practised eye for such matters. He would remember what his uncle had said. This little conversation had brought them nearer together, and he was grateful to John North for letting him see what his position really was.

After the departure of Mr. North and Mr. Amyot, an intense quiet seemed to fall upon the convent and the presbytery. Charles North's body was laid out in the room in which he had died, which was a little darkened, and some candles were kept burning by his side. Margaret and Barbara seemed to be never tired of praying there, and some of the children were allowed to come there with little Lucy Etherstone to do the same. The quiet, business-like manner in which they set to work praying for the deceased, just as they would have set to work to nurse him and wait upon him if he had been still on his

sick-bed, struck Jack as something new to himself. The only death he could remember was his mother's, and then he had not known what to do. He was in and out a good deal, but at last he took a long stroll by himself in the fields, trying once more to understand what had happened, and to make out his prospects for the future. Then occasionally there would come back to his mind the words of the prayers which he had followed so attentively the night before as they were recited by the Bishop, and they would mingle themselves with the other words which had made so strange an impression on him, familiar as he was with them—One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic. There are times when we feel overwhelmed and almost frightened out of ourselves at the reality and solemn majesty of some great inevitable truth, which is borne in upon us with a force which impresses us as much by a sense of our own utter helplessness and dependence as by that of the power which seems more present to us than if we could see and touch it—quiet moments in the night, or when we are just awake, or alone by the sea, or looking over some mighty expanse of tranquil silent landscape, or again, alone with the multitudinous stars. And then the certainty of death, the feeling of our responsibility to an awful unseen Judge, or some other kindred truth seems to penetrate to every corner of our heart, as a great wave that fills up a cave by the sea, and we need all our faith in the loving fatherly providence of our Creator to soothe the quailing, sinking dread which accompanies the revelation. Jack felt something of this sort at one or two moments of his lonely stroll through the rich meadows near Welborough, as he followed an unfrequented path along the banks of a slowly-gliding stream fringed with an irregular row of pollarded willows. But his heart did not fail him, for he could find no reason as yet for reproaching himself for what he was. There, however, was the great question, and with regard to that, his frame of mind was entirely new. He seemed to himself to have passed into a new mind since he had been at Welborough. One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic. There was no Church but this—and, now where was this to be found, or had he already found it? Then there came thoughts of his uncle, whose end he had just witnessed. He certainly seemed to have found something he had not known before. A Catholic death was a very beautiful thing. The Church seemed to take her child into her arms, like a tender mother, and rock him to sleep upon her bosom. And then succeeded memories of all the past kindness which Charles had shown him, and how his love had seemed so much deepened and brightened during those few hours before his death.

Jack sat on a stile where the path leading from one field into another ran close along the edge of the little stream, watching its quiet flow and the few fish that now and then moved slowly about near the surface of the transparent water. His thoughts kept him so much engaged that when the distant sound of a bell from the convent made him start and look at his watch, he found that the afternoon was already far advanced, and that he must stretch his legs well if he

were to be in time for Father Mortimer's dinner. Perhaps, if he had been called on to give an account of his meditations, he would have been unable to do so in any very logical form, but when he next found himself alone that night, and sat looking out on the moonlit little garden of the presbytery before he went to bed, he might certainly have recognised in himself an advance of some kind with regard to the question of religion. He had a purpose which he had never felt before of examining and sifting for himself, he had found a central point on which his investigations were to turn, and he had a firm resolution to pray for light, and follow wherever the light would lead him. "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom," he kept saying to himself, in the words of one whose works he had always held in veneration, but he felt no sort of impatience or anxiety, for his conscience did not as yet reproach him for having trifled with any question of urgency.

Before Mr. Amyot left he had pressed Jack to bring Margaret with him to Shotcote for his uncle's funeral, and to stay a few days, or indeed more, after it was over. The plan suited Jack, for he would have much to talk about with Mr. North, and he did not very much wish to take Margaret as yet among his cousins at Shotterton. It was arranged that the funeral should take place on that day week.

Margaret and Barbara were delighted at this arrangement. They had only been acquainted for about twenty-four hours, but they had been hours full of events which touched the hearts of both very deeply, and under such circumstances persons whose characters are congenial grow intimate very rapidly. Half an hour before dinner-time Father Mortimer insisted on their going out into the garden, and they walked up and down with arms entwined as if they had been brought up together.

"I am so glad you are to come," Barbara said for the twentieth time. "I wish you could stay for months, and not go for a long time to that sad old Manor." In fact, the Amyots, like many of the people around, had come to look upon the Manor as a gloomy and almost a fatal place.

"It seems rather beautiful than sad, from the photographs," said Margaret. "John always speaks of it as a delightful place."

"Yes, so it is, in a way," said Barbara. "You, dear, may brighten it up, and I hope you may. I suppose we think it sad because it has never been a happy place for long together, as people say, since the days of the bad Amyot."

"The bad Amyot, who was that?" said Margaret, in astonishment. "John never told me that there were such things as bad Amyots," she added, with a smile.

"John is a dear fellow," said Barbara, "and I hope that we try to be good now, at all events. But the bad Amyot was the member of our family who apostatized, and got the estate given to him as the reward of his apostacy. We've got a full account of it at home in the library, and you shall see it when you come. Our grannie Mac

Orven has a number of old stories about the place, but I don't think I shall let her tell them to you."

Then she broke off the conversation rather abruptly, saying that it was time for them to get ready for dinner.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PERSON WHO STOLE THE UMBRELLA.

"PLEASE, ma'am, there's a lady at the door who sends in her card. She's got your umbrella, ma'am," added Mary Anne, in a state of excited delight.

It was on the afternoon of the following day, on which Margaret had returned with her husband from Welborough. They had come up by an early train after a last visit to the room in which Charles North, or rather his body, lay. They had knelt a short time, with no one present but themselves, and then Jack had kissed his uncle's cold forehead, and led Margaret to do the same. He thought that Charles North seemed younger and fuller in the face than he had seen him for many years past, and there was that wonderful look of heavenly peace which so often lives on, as a last precious memory of those whom they have lost, in the hearts of Christian mourners. Then they had wished good-bye to Father Mortimer, who pressed Jack to come and see him whenever he had a few days to spare, and thanked the Prioress and the other nuns for their cordial hospitality. "Barbara will hardly know what to do without you," said the Prioress. The young lady herself seemed half inclined to cry at parting from Margaret. Jack and his wife had reached town early in the afternoon, and as Margaret found herself tired and unwell, Jack had gone out on some business alone.

The card bore the name, "Mrs. Shackelrammer," under which was written in pencil—"The person who stole the umbrella." The lady in question followed Mary Anne so close, and there was so little distance in Mr. Jack's apartments between the outer door on the staircase and that of the sitting-room, that, before Margaret could say a word in answer to the announcement, she found herself confronted by her visitor. Mrs. Shackelrammer was a plump little lady, somewhat under the middle height, and somewhat under middle age, with dark hair, bright eyes, a nose slightly turned up, a clear complexion, and a pleasant voice. She looked—as she was—clever, lively, kind, and active. There was the thinnest possible muslin line of widowhood within her bonnet, and her dress was almost entirely black, and very simple, though it had a sort of style about it which redeemed it from the charge of being dowdy or "weedy," and perhaps might have revealed to a discerning eye that its wearer was not altogether indifferent to appearances. Mrs. Shackelrammer tripped up to Margaret in a moment, in a manner which might have seemed forward if it had not been so simple and genial. Margaret felt

almost as if she was going to kiss her at once, but the lady forbore for the nonce. She began at once to relieve herself of her confession, and her words came tumbling breathlessly out of her mouth in short sentences, which seemed to struggle with one another which should get first, like boys coming out of a schoolroom.

"Dear Mrs. Wilton, I am sure you will excuse me. I am always getting into scrapes, as Father Wexford will tell you. I was kneeling behind you the other night at Benediction, and I walked off with your umbrella without finding it out till I got home. I am so terribly absent. I hope you haven't suffered any inconvenience. I have seen you so often in church, and quite wished to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. Mrs. Slattery told me about you; she is a great ally of mine. I can tell you a good deal, perhaps, about our poor people in this district. I hope you didn't think any of them had stolen your property. *Mea culpa, mea culpa.* I shall be quite glad to do any penance that you set me. I hope it may be to be useful to you in some way. I've been praying for your husband's conversion ever since you came into these parts. I hope you will allow me to know you. I made the acquaintance of one of my best friends by putting my hand into her pocket, in a fit of distraction coming out of church one day. Only think, I might have been taken up for kleptophobia. No it isn't phobia, it's something else. I'm so terribly absent. Dear Mrs. Wilton."

Margaret was rather taken aback by the breathless flow of her new friend's eloquence, but she was amused and to a certain extent captivated by her evident simplicity and goodness. She begged her to be seated, and said how much obliged she felt for the restoration of her lost property. "It was a gift to me from my old nurse when I was married," she said. "Moreover, I strongly suspect that the servant who opened the door to you, and who was with me in church that evening, though she is a Protestant, was rather inclined to blame my poor country-people for pilfering. Now I shall be able to triumph over her."

"Oh, I am so very glad. They told me at the sacristy that you were the owner. I went there early the next morning, but Father Wexford told me that you were out of town. I couldn't resist the pleasure of bringing it back myself. I am so fond of the poor Irish in the district, and Father Wexford gives me plenty to do."

She went on, in the same tripping way, to tell Margaret very nearly her whole history. She was the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, and had married a German doctor settled in England at one of our great watering-places. Her marriage had been disliked by her family, from whom she had in consequence become estranged, and the breach had been considerably widened by her conversion to Catholicism about two years later. I fear that Dr. Shackelrammer led her rather a life of it at all times, and he was particularly angry with her conversion, which he survived just eight years. They were years of serious domestic persecution to this poor lady. Her husband did not

turn her out of doors, but he shut her up almost entirely in his own house, and would never let a Catholic or a priest set foot within it, even when she had been in danger of death after one of her confinements. He let her out to Mass occasionally, and once a year to confession, but then he insisted on choosing the priest himself, and on knowing what she was going to say to him. His death had set her free, and the illness which had preceded it was her most precious memory, for she had won upon him so much by her gentleness and devoted care that at the last he had found out her value, and, more than that, the value of her religion. Mrs. Shackelrammer began to cry when she came to this part of her story, and Margaret tried to check her, but she herself was crying too when the lady told her she had had the joy of seeing her husband received on his death-bed. Her only surviving child was a boy, now about eleven years of age, who was at school at a College in the north of England. Her great desire was to see him a priest. She had been a widow for about three years, and spent her time in good works and piety.

She told Margaret that she had seen Father Wexford that same morning, and had heard from him that Mrs. Carroll was dead. The only thing now was to follow up the attempt to force her wishes as to her children's education on the attention of the workhouse authorities. Mrs. Shackelrammer was quite up in the whole business, and had had more than one tilt with officials in workhouses or hospitals in the cause of the Catholic poor. Perhaps Mr. Wilton would see Father Wexford? The latter had not been certain that morning when Margaret and her husband would return.

Then the little lady began to pour out her heart about Jack's conversion. "Ah, my dear Mrs. Wilton, I know what it is to have a husband a Protestant. My dear Ernest would have been so happy if he had lived on after his conversion. It was rather hard before, certainly. Of course he did what he thought was right. It was very hard never going to Communion, and having to make one's confession first to one's own husband. But it was all well at the last. His death was so beautiful, so resigned, so quiet. It was only the day after he had been received. He was so full of contrition; such a good Catholic in so short a time. He asked of his own accord if he might not have the scapular, because he knew that I wore one. And he died on a Saturday. I think that Mr. Wilton should be introduced to my dear Father Ingleburn, who received my husband. He has been my director ever since I became a Catholic. He's rather severe sometimes, but he never means to be cross. He keeps me up to my work, indeed. Let Mr. Wilton be thoroughly instructed. In the present day, you know, people require so much more instruction, that they may not be let in without knowing all that they are to believe about the new Briefs, and the Syllabus, and interior assent, and philosophy, and politics. I'm sure I knew nothing about it all when I was received, but Lady Joanna says that people had better remain Protestants than be anything than thorough-going

Immoderates. I suppose you have read the late controversy on the subject; if not, I shall be happy to lend it to you."

"Thank you," said Margaret; "I haven't heard of anything new as to the conditions of receiving people into the Church. We don't hear quite so much of these things in Ireland, where I came from. We are quite satisfied with things as they used to be. I do not think anything of the sort was done with a gentleman—my husband's uncle—who was received the other day."

"Oh, indeed! Was Mr. Wilton's uncle received? Which was it, Mr. John or Mr. Charles?" said Mrs. Shackelrammer, altogether diverted from the polemical theology into which she had dipped—without, I fear, being quite able to understand it—by personal curiosity. "What a blessing to you! I will tell Father Wexford. Dear me, I fear it is too late to get the news into the paper this week, but I'll go and see. Was it Mr. North of Shotterton Manor, the gentleman who was so ill?"

"It was my husband's uncle Charles," said Margaret. "But I think you had better not take any trouble about publishing the news. He died the day before yesterday, and we have just returned from being with him."

"Oh dear! I'm sorry to have intruded on you, but I hope you'll forgive me. And you look worn and tired, and I'm sure you ought to be lying down. If I can be of any use to you in shopping, or anything else—you may want to give some orders for mourning, perhaps—pray let me help you. I know a very cheap shop—oh! I forgot, of course you are in mourning already. You'll let me call to see how you are. Lady Joanna Pontifex, too—she would be so glad to know you. I visit the same hospital with her twice a week. She's such a thorough good Catholic—not of the old humdrum school, you know. She's thinking of starting a daily paper to advocate sound maximist views. Well, I really am almost glad I took your umbrella by mistake. I heard of a gentleman once who owed his conversion to losing his umbrella in a church abroad. But then you don't need conversion. Good-bye, good-bye, dear Mrs. Wilton."

Malicious people said that the way to get rid of Mrs. Shackelrammer was to give her a bit of news—the conversion of a Protestant, or a Catholic marriage, or that one of the priests at the church she frequented for confession and direction was going for his holiday, or had given up snuff, or something of that sort. The same people said that the best way to publish a bit of tittle-tattle was to tell it to her in secret, but I think this last saying somewhat too severe. She was a very good-natured little soul, even though she did talk a good deal when she got away from the lonely lodgings in which she lived, which were far less comfortable and elegant than she might have afforded—for Mr. Shackelrammer had provided for her handsomely—if she had not given away a large part of her income in charity. Still, there was a wonderful absence of malice or detraction in the effusions of her volubility.

Margaret flung herself upon the sofa after the departure of her visitor, and tried to get to sleep for half an hour. But she was not destined to have a quiet afternoon, as another knock at the door was soon heard, and, after a little parley, Mary Anne opened the door and announced Mr. William North.

CHAPTER XV.

A FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

I HAVE already more than once mentioned William, or, as he was always called at Shotterton, Willie North, the only son in the family with which my readers have already made some acquaintance, and as this young gentleman has now and then to appear as a prominent actor in our little drama, I must introduce him somewhat more formally to those who may take an interest in its development.

I am sorry to say, Willie North is not all that he might be. The Norths have always been known for steadiness, uprightness, honour, and good conduct, and it has not often been the case in the family that the virtues of the majority have been needed to shield from reprobation the faults of one or two of its members. John and Charles North were, each in his own way, fine specimens of English gentlemen not of the aristocracy, and their forefathers before them had always borne the highest character. They had not always been clever, but they had always been good. But if families, as well as counties and towns, have their special guardian angels, I think that the tutelary angel of the Norths must have felt such dissatisfaction as angels are capable of feeling, at seeing the credit of the house committed to one like Master Willie. When quite young he had shown signs of vices which can best be described as vices of character. No one is bad by nature, though all are fallen, yet some people seem but scantily furnished with natural virtue. Willie was sly and untruthful, as well as very selfish and vain. His mother spoilt him as much as was in her power. Her first and only son was made a favourite at the expense of the other children, and it is to the credit of those other children that they were not corrupted by it. John North interfered strongly when there was any positive injustice, but he could not prevent the bad effect on the boy's disposition, which was the natural result of his knowing that his dear mamma could see no fault in him, and would do her best to indulge every one of his fancies. Then his father looked out for a good school for him, where he might be prepared for one of our great public schools. He heard of such a school kept by a clergyman of high character in the valley of the Thames, not far from London, and little Willie at the age of seven was sent there, amid the unavailing tears of his hapless mother.

Unfortunately, the clergyman to whose care he was thus confided had a very bad temper as well as a very high character, and though

he could control this temper in society and on all public occasions, he let it often run riotously loose at home and upon his defenceless pupils. His theory was to be firm and strong in education, and when he propounded his views to Mr. North on his first visit, that gentleman thought that he had found just the right person to deal with his unpromising son. But the theory of firmness and strength issued in practices of harshness, capriciousness, and even cruelty. The boys feared and hated their master, and found out his failings and weak points. He was not really vigilant, and they found means to make the servants their friends. Willie, though only seven, was as clever as any of his companions, and soon became an adept and even a leader in a number of little dishonesties and evasions of discipline. He pleased his master now and then by success in his school business, but the chief result of his four years' sojourn at Chertsey was that all the artful and mean parts of his character had been wonderfully unfolded and matured.

Then he was sent to take his place in a certain great public school. He was at first a favourite both with boys and masters. The latter admired his cleverness and a certain amount of application which he was able to command when it suited his purpose. His companions found him good at sports, a skilful hand in their boyish "larks," and, to a certain extent, good-natured. In fact, he put on his best behaviour when he first went to that public school. He had often heard of the distinction which attached to those who had gone through it well, and his heart swelled with pride when he found himself enrolled among its children. He wrote to his mother the very day after his arrival, dating his letter, "— College," with as much satisfaction as was felt by a certain politician who once dated a celebrated letter to his constituents from "Windsor Castle." He went on well enough for two years, though the reports from his tutor were not always quite encouraging to John North. Then his father was one day earnestly requested to come at once to his tutor's house. "Mrs. North need not be alarmed, there was no illness in the case." John North found, to his immense chagrin, that Willie had been caught stealing money from a companion's desk. No one knew it but the boy, a fine honourable lad, who would very gladly have said nothing about it, as he liked and trusted Willie, and, indeed, could hardly be brought to believe that his friend was guilty. Willie's character was safe with him, and, as far as he was concerned, the offence was readily condoned, but the tutor was inexorable. "I am convinced," he said to John North, "that I am doing the very kindest thing to you that I can do when I insist on your removing your son at once. Take him away, bring him up under your own eye if you can, and if you cannot, put him under some one who will watch him carefully and gain his confidence and affection at the same time. This blow may save his character—and his soul. If he stays here after this, he will ruin himself; and you know, my dear sir, that it is my duty to think of others as well as of him and of you."

John North thanked the man from his heart, though he had to gulp down a great weight of grief at finding that his son was, in reality, unfit to live at present among a set of young gentlemen. But what to do with Willie, who was now nearly fourteen, and whom he meant, at the age of eighteen or so, to take into his own office and initiate into the business which he would have to carry on after his father's death? It was utterly impossible to bring him up at home. The school had dwindled, and was out of the question. There was then a curate in the town who would gladly have given him day lessons, but Mrs. North was certain to indulge him to the utmost of her power. So the father hunted up and down, and at last found in one of the midland counties a clergyman whom he thought he could trust. This clergyman had spent a good part of his life in "taking private pupils," and had sent out into the world or to the Universities several young men who bore the highest character. Moreover, people said of him that he could manage difficult cases. He rather demurred to Willie, when, as was only fair, he was told of the fault for which he had been withdrawn from school; but the strong intercession of the tutor, who was his personal friend and had also materially assisted him in procuring him pupils, carried the day. With him Willie had spent the four years and a half which had to intervene before he was to be set to work in his father's office, and the effect was not altogether unsatisfactory. His mind was considerably cultivated, and his manners improved. He had received a great shock when his school career was so abruptly brought to an end, and the blow steadied him, at least for the time. He was no longer so free and open as he had been before. He learnt to keep his own counsel, and to study the opinions and feelings of others. His tutor wrote about him, on the whole, favourably, but still in a guarded tone. When Willie pleaded much with his father for a year longer at his studies, Mr. Baker did not back up the petition; but he gave him a handsome *souvenir* when they parted. A few months later, he enclosed to Mr. North a letter from Willie clandestinely sent to his own eldest daughter, a girl of little more than fifteen years of age. The girl had been fond of Willie's attentions in a childish way, but she had never encouraged anything clandestine; and when the servant whom he had managed to bribe put the letter in her way, she took it straight to her mother. The servant was discharged, and all intercourse between Willie and the Bakers ceased from that moment.

The young man's conduct at home was not openly bad, and he treated his father's wishes with apparent respect; but there was a barrier between them, and Mr. North never felt at his ease, and had no confidence in his son. The Shotterton people generally disliked him. Willie quietly but effectually ruled his mother, and Charlotte, his eldest sister, was more in his confidence than any one else. She had some influence with him, and her father looked to her to keep him straight. Willie was clever and industrious; he could control himself, and behave like a gentleman. But the one thing about him

that all who dealt with him instinctively felt, was that they could not trust him.

Two schemes concerning this hopeful young gentleman more or less directly were now under the consideration of his father and mother respectively. The father had been slowly making up his mind to look out for some partner in his business, to whom, as a man of real honour and character, he could confide the very important interests of the neighbouring families, which were managed in his office with all that absolute security on the part of the persons chiefly concerned which was a natural tribute to the high reputation which the Norths had always enjoyed. He had even almost settled the man to whom to make the offer. He had a good many dealings with a London house in his own profession, now represented by two gentlemen of the name of Malham, an uncle and a nephew. The nephew was a man of about forty, a widower with one boy of ten years old, and as his uncle had two grown-up sons who were both to be in the house, Edward Malham was thought to be likely to retire if a favourable opportunity presented itself. John North liked him much, and had conceived the plan of getting him to take a part of the business at Shotterton, which would then be in safe hands if anything were to happen to himself. On his return from Welborough he had found time to call on his friend as he passed through London, and had asked him to come down and help him in any difficulties that might arise in the arrangement of his late brother's affairs. While Mr. North was thus planning a scheme for putting a safe check on any follies to which Willie might be tempted by his position at Shotterton, his wife, on the other hand, was wishing to see her darling son, who was now twenty-four, provided with a partner of another kind; and she had once or twice been glad to observe that he was always kindly received at the Vicarage, and that his manner to Amy Wychwood had lately become rather more than friendly.

Willie was no friend to his cousin Jack Wilton. There had never been a breach between them, but Willie disliked Jack's free intercourse with his own sisters. Not that Jack could have been reasonably objected to if he had taken a fancy to make either of his cousins his wife—a step of which neither he nor they had ever conceived the idea—but that he had an undeniable influence over Louisa and Mary, and this influence was something in the way of Willie. Then the Shotterton gossip had once, though quite groundlessly, connected Jack's name with that of Amy Wychwood, and this had annoyed Willie, though at the time he had no formed designs upon the young lady for himself. Then, again, Jack was his uncle Charles' favourite, and was designated as his heir. Mrs. North never lost an opportunity of hinting her own opinion that the contemplated arrangement as to the Manor was unfair to her own son, who represented the "elder branch," as she called it, and the hints had not been lost on Willie. Willie's great passion, as far as he had as yet developed the more powerful part of his character, was for money.

His destiny, unless it could be thwarted, was foreshadowed in that early craving for a few more shillings which had led to his dismissal from the public school I have already mentioned. Thus it was that he had come habitually to look upon Jack's succession to the Manor as an injustice which he might exert himself, if it were in his power, to prevent or to remedy. He knew of his uncle's intentions, and he had hugged the thought that Charles North might very well die without making any new will, after all. When his father went off to Welborough, and wrote that he had found Charles alive, and, as he hoped, "able to attend to business" (the letter was written almost immediately after John North's arrival at the convent), Willie was much disconcerted. He had no very definite wishes, no formed plans, but he was taken aback. Persons of his character have often an instinct of watchful curiosity, even as to matters which do not directly concern any object which they may have in view. Willie knew very well his uncle's habits, and the arrangements of the study in which Charles North usually sat. He had marked him open and shut the drawers and cabinets, and he had a very precise notion as to the repository in which such a document as his will would probably be kept. He had once peeped for a moment into a certain dark green morocco writing-case, which had belonged to his aunt Teresa, and in which her miniature was kept, along with the letters that had passed between her and Charles during their engagement, and on some few occasions when they had been separated for a day or two after their marriage. There he had also seen a paper which he was convinced was the will, and he very much doubted whether his father knew as much about it as he did himself. When Mr. North returned, he was remarkably silent as to what had passed at Welborough, and when Willie had hazarded a question, he had put him off evasively. There was something in the wind, then; and Willie determined to find it out.

The next morning a letter arrived which helped him wonderfully. One of his old companions at his private tutor's, a fast young man of good family, wrote to him that he was spending one night in London on his way to the continent, and should like very much to introduce him to his bride—they had been married about six weeks. Could he run up and dine with him at his hotel? So Willie, armed with this letter, announced at breakfast that he would run up to London for a night. He said nothing about seeing Jack, yet his design in going to town was chiefly that he might see him. He thought it possible that Jack might tell him how things stood, and then, at all events, he might see what he could do, and whether he could do anything at all. He had, as I have said, no formed plans of defeating his uncle's intentions, but he wished to get as much as he could for himself, and people such as he are often intensely curious and inquisitive. His father was not sorry to have the opportunity to look up some of Charles' papers by himself. It had flashed on him on his way home that Charles had not told him where his former will was kept. But he told Willie to be back early the next day, as he was to be engaged the

whole of that day at a magistrate's meeting. Willie found out his friend's hotel and secured a bedroom. Then he left a note saying that he would look in at dinner-time, and went out to see a few sights and make a few purchases,

Thus it was that he happened to pass near Jack's lodgings on the same afternoon which had brought Margaret a visitor in Mrs. Shackelrammer. He presented himself at the door, and was told that Mr. Wilton was out. When he gave in his card Mary Anne saw the name, and said that Mrs. Wilton was at home and might perhaps see him. Margaret was ready to make acquaintance with any one of the name of North, and Willie was at once admitted.

He came forward with a pleasant smile on his face, and after pressing warmly the hand that she placed in his, he drew her gently to him and kissed her affectionately. "You must let us claim you as one of ourselves, Margaret, you see." Then he asked kindly after Jack, and expressed great sorrow at not finding him at home. "He would be so glad if you would stay and dine with us," said Margaret, but Willie explained that this was impossible.

"My father has told us about you, Margaret," said he. "I suppose we shall have you living amongst us soon," he added, with a smile.

"He has been very kind," said the unsuspicious Margaret. "I believe that, but for him, John would not have what he is to have."

"You can hardly say that," said Willie, after a moment's thought. "Uncle Charles always treated Jack as his own child, and he was not very likely to change at the last."

"Yes, but he hadn't time, you know, to sign his will; and by the former will, made by your uncle ever so many years ago, the whole property goes to your father, because aunt Teresa died so soon, and left no children. Mr. John North will carry out all the intentions of uncle Charles, but there is no law to bind him to do it."

Here was a discovery for Willie! He could hardly control himself enough to seem quite unembarrassed, and Margaret noticed something about his look which made her regret that she had been so communicative. But then Jack had never warned her against Willie, and she felt certain that Mr. North would have told him all about the will.

"Well, anyhow, we are all expecting you, Margaret. You know you have yet to make my mother's acquaintance and that of three worthy sisters of mine. They are very fond of Jack," he said, with an imperceptible sneer. He saw something in Margaret's face which made him think he had betrayed himself a little, so he set himself to work to remove the bad impression. He talked about his uncle, about Jack, about the old Manor, very pleasantly, and he praised the Wychwoods up to the skies. He had a little laugh at the Amyots, which Margaret did not like, but on the whole he made her at her ease with him, and was satisfied. Then he talked a little more about indifferent matters, and took his leave before Jack's return.

He made his way as fast as he could to St. James' Park, and sat

down on a seat in the least frequented spot he could find to commune with his own thoughts. At first, the intelligence that no will existed leaving to Jack Wilton Shotterton Manor, or any thing else that had been Charles North's, came upon him as a relief from all anxiety. The land, then, would go to his own father, and the personal property be divided between him and Jack—at least, it would do so if the old will had not been made and did not exist. But then his father was bent on carrying out his brother's intentions; and, moreover, there *was* the other will, which put everything into his power—not as heir-at-law but as residuary legatee. He did not see any way out of the difficulty, unless he could make his father change his mind. Then another plan came into his head, involving some risk, and even then by no means certain of success. It was not very brilliant, perhaps, nor very well thought out, but he turned it over in his mind on that seat in the Park, and at last determined to do all he could to carry out this other plan. But for that he must be at Shotterton, and to Shotterton therefore he returned by the earliest train on the Saturday morning. Perhaps, if he had been a little more prudent, he would have been afraid of the attempt, but his design fell in with the weak part of his character, and, though he would have submitted to Jack's exaltation without any loss of equanimity if it had been perfectly inevitable, he could not resist the temptation to prevent it when it came to him in the form of an enterprise of that sort for which he had a peculiar liking.

When Jack came home he found Margaret lying down. She had a little headache, and felt very weary, but she said that his presence refreshed her, and she took a cup of tea, which set her up for a while. She told him all that happened to her in his absence. He was much amused at Mrs. Shackelrammer, and wondered in his own mind whether this was the sort of lady to do for her what his uncle had suggested. At all events she must have had some experience in nursing. If Madge was not well to-morrow he would call in a doctor. Till then she should be left, according to her own earnest entreaty, to doctor herself. Then she told him all about Willie. "He seemed surprised," she said, "when I told him about the will."

"I dare say uncle John did not tell him on purpose," said Jack. "But it can't make much difference. I don't think he tells Willie everything."

"Willie seems very nice. All your people are nice, John," she said. He was sitting by the side of the sofa on which she lay, and she had got hold of his hand, which she was kissing and pressing to her heart. Now and then he bent down and said a word or two, but she soon began to doze; the little fingers which grasped his relaxed their hold, and he sat quietly by her side till it was past their time for dinner, full of the thoughts which had lately been rising up within him, and wondering whether he had really got an invalid for his wife. Invalid or not, he was quite certain there was but one Margaret in the world.

The Unknown Works of Sir Thomas More.

PART THE FIRST.

IN Fenimore Cooper's novels we have a picture drawn of a gallant vessel at sea riding fearlessly through the storm, and at the same time, while contending with the elements, engaged in battle. It is described as moving like a living thing unharmed, with all its beautiful spars and graceful lines undisturbed amid the tossing billows, directed by a master pilot's hand, and meantime delivering with unerring aim its hurtling iron messengers to its adversary, as though the wild fury of the waters and the perils of battle were a playful pastime. Add to this picture, that the vessel be not a pirate, but a majestic three-decker, carrying guns of the heaviest metal, and we have a similitude not unfitly representing a mind such as that of the wise Chancellor of England in the lowering and ominous period of our history about A.D. 1533.

There are times when the steadiest minds, the coolest heads, and the firmest nerves, are shaken, times when an epidemic rages in the world of thought and very few escape the contagion; when, to take the figure More uses, a silly rain falls, which makes all men fools, except a few who enter caverns underground. It is then that great souls, to the wonder of the world, retain all their clear perception and lucid reasoning, together with their undaunted resolution, to shame the weakness and expose the folly of their age. The great Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester stood almost alone in the time-serving day when Henry's apostacy began. And they justly hold a pre-eminent place in the memories of Englishmen as illustrious men for virtue and magnanimity.

We are not at present about to speak of More's virtues or the part he played in the momentous scene, but of his powers as a controversialist and a writer. The folio volume of his works in black letter, printed A.D. 1557,* to be found in many old libraries, is seldom perused; and thus they may be justly styled unknown. Hence a *resumé* of them will not be unacceptable to those who

* "Printed at London at the costes and charges of John Cawod, John Waly, and Richard Tottell, anno 1557."

have not access to the storehouses of antiquity, or are deterred by the black type from reading him for themselves. For pure English and masculine thought he is unrivalled, and it may safely be said that had his controversial works been widely and freely circulated in England, the tenets of the Reformers, together with every doctrine springing from them, and now in vogue, would have met with an insurmountable and impregnable barrier to their baneful progress. To resume the figure of the gallant man-of-war as above, it would have cleared the seas of piratical craft.

His earliest works in this collection are pieces of poetry, chiefly religious, the effusions of his younger days, but such as Spenser or Shakespeare might well reckon for their own. These are followed by his translation of the life of John Picus of Mirandola. Most young men in their early life have an ideal model of excellence which they regard with enthusiasm; such Picus seems to have been in the eyes of More. He was indeed an extraordinary example of the brilliancy and subtlety to which the mind of man can attain under the guidance of true philosophy and the Catholic faith. At sixteen he had mastered Canon Law, and for seven years gave himself to philosophy, with such success that he ventured to propose for public dispute at Rome nine hundred propositions, some of which were so abstruse and novel that they were questioned, as open to the charge of heresy. This unfounded suspicion had the happy effect of humbling him, and making him despise for the future such public displays. He gave himself to a pure and holy life, and spending the remainder of his years in almsdeeds and austerities and the pursuits of study, died a saintly death, the very model of a layman, at the age of thirty-two. The life is followed by his twelve rules, or as More styles it, his ballad of divine love, a fine piece of poetry.

His next work connects More with the great poet—a mind much akin to his own—Shakespeare. It is the history of Richard III., published in the year 1513, when More was under-sheriff of London, afterwards printed in Hall's and Harding's Chronicles. Shakespeare has drawn from it almost word for word the description of Richard's person, his birth with teeth, his visage which Sir Thomas calls worly, and his wily manners; very many fine passages of his play are taken from it, such as the speech of King Edward IV. on his death-bed.

In 1522 there follows an ascetical treatise on the four last things, handled in More's own powerful peculiar way, as a medicine or cure, first for pride—for death reminds us that life is but a stage play in which "a poor losel plays a lord in a golden

gown." Death makes pity take the place of envy, and he exemplifies envy by the tale of Esop, in which the gods offered to two men, the envious and the covetous, a gift to the one on condition that it should be doubled to the other; and the envious man wished "that one of his eyes might be put out that the other might lose two." Death cures anger, for it is ridiculous for two men to be fighting, "both on the way to execution." It wakes the miserable old usurer from his golden dreams, though, as More observes, covetousness is hard to cure, and he instances the Newgate thief who cut a purse at the bar, and when asked why he did it, replied, "That it did his heart good to get that purse." He prefaces this treatise with the pregnant observation that there are many things *we know*, but because we seldom think of them, we do *not know* as we ought, as lately set forth in the *Grammar of Assent*.

In 1528, More was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and published a remarkable controversial work, a *Dialogue*, in four books, on the worship of images, pilgrimages, &c. In this piece the difficulties of a Lutheran are exposed and answered. The holy meek spiritual garb of the good heretic, who is of opinion that logic is of little use, is humorously painted, and his objections to images admirably solved—first by instancing the costly ornaments and cherubim of the Temple, then the countenance of our Lord on the cloth of St. Veronica, called the "vernacle," and then the lovely face of our Lady by St. Luke, and the crucifix shown by St. Amphibalus to St. Alban, by which, according to the very ancient Acts of his martyrdom quoted by Bede, he was converted, having seen the night before a representation of Christ's Passion. The objector then allows that such images are good, but not necessary for spiritual people, nor rich ornaments either in churches, which it would be better to sell and give to the poor, that we should turn our mind to spiritual things. More answers that this kind of spirituality would make better Jews than Christians, and the gold in plenty lavished on sword-handles and plate might as well be stript off as the gilding from the cross. That despite done to the likeness of a holy thing or person is despite done to the love of that person or thing, and that if *no honour* is to be paid to anything but God, there is an end of the commandment "to honour father and mother."

The objector then likens pilgrimages to certain shrines, to the heathen and their statues, and consecrated localities, as if God were not everywhere. More replies that Catholics consider God to be as supreme in a stable as in a temple, but still that it is right

and convenient to build churches to Him, and that He chooses certain localities to work miracles in, as the pool of Bethesda. But miracles, argues the other, if there be miracles possible, cannot at least be done on trivial occasions, such as these. God, says More, *can if He will*, surely do them, and He may do so, if He please, on a little occasion, as when he turned water into wine at a wedding. More then recounts the false miracle at St. Albans of the blind beggar exposed by Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, which has evidently been taken from him by Shakespeare, and he recounts also a striking true miracle of the deliverance of the little daughter of Sir Roger Wentworth from possession before the statue of our Lady of Ipswich, which was a public thing in presence of the people, and accompanied by many strange circumstances. More allows that the devil may work wonders, but that if these wonders worked by the devil were approved of by the Church, and his deceits sanctioned by her, the Church would have erred and the Spirit of God deserted her; and this we know from Scripture cannot be. He then shows that reason or good logic with the Doctors and Fathers of the Church *must* interpret Scripture, for the revelation was first made to reason, then to the Prophets and Apostles, and all before books, in which are many secrets, some declared—as the Sacraments and our Lady's virginity—others yet concealed, as those which concern Antichrist and the last times, from contempt of which secrets and high learning of Scripture, together with pride, have arisen all the rabble of heresies, Luther and the rest; that if Scripture seem to contradict the Church, so it did in the time of Arius, but the Church has an infallible guide in Peter and in the Blessed Trinity residing in her; whereas the Scripture needs a gloss, without which the simplest passages may be mistaken in their meaning, for says More, "Twice two geese do not always make four ganders." Without this right rule in the study of Scripture unanimity is impossible, as the wanderings of the sects show, "As wise as so many flocks of wild geese." So he concludes the first book.

In the second book he shows that the Church cannot be a Church invisible and unknown, but must be a city upon a mountain which cannot be hid, the common known multitude of the Catholic Church good and bad, the tree from which "witherlings" fall, Christendom under Peter, Christ's Vicar. But, urges the objector, the Church perhaps consists "of those in this known body who eschew image worship;" to which More replies that if these and the idolaters so called make up the Church, and the

idolaters of course cannot be good, and those who eschew images live in open perjury swearing that they worship images, they cannot be good either, so there are none good and no Church. Besides the objector has already allowed that the worship of images has been approved by the practice and belief of all Christendom. Perhaps, says the objector, the saints cannot be reached by prayer, and their relics are not true, but may be bones of some one damned, or pigs' bones. They may not be, perhaps, saints at all. More says, If the canonized saints are not saints, then the Church would err in a thing most nearly touching God's honour, which cannot be; and as to their being unable to hear, are we to suppose that they who were certainly not powerless on earth are now tied up to a post in heaven? And though relics may be sometimes misnamed, or, as the head of St. John Baptist, part in one place, part in another, or relics of different saints of the same name, no harm accrues to the Church, not even though God permitted, which is not likely, at least for long, that some false relics should be honoured, were they bones of the damned or pigs' bones, while the intention of those that honour them is good, any more than it would do harm to show reverence to a host perchance not consecrated. That relics are to be honoured, appears from the mention in Scripture of the bones of Joseph carried up from Egypt, and the bones of Eliseus raising the dead to life, and the miracles at the invention of the Holy Cross and at the finding of the body of St. Stephen the protomartyr.

The objector then urges the comical or bad customs at some pilgrimages. And here it must be observed that the filthy and objectionable language that occurs in some of these disputations is but an exhibition of the current coin to be found in the books of many of the Reformers. They raise most abominable questions and difficulties, and seem most at home when pouring out filth; some of Luther's productions are as full of it as the Thames before it was freed from sewage. Sir Thomas More is happy in his answers in such dirty work, and says moreover that bad customs on holy days do not give reason for doing away with holy days, nor bad or foolish customs at shrines supply a reason for doing away with these. To say that therefore all shrines are bad and to be removed, is to say that the Church can approve of things damnable in themselves and displeasing to God.

The third book is devoted to the question whether credence is to be given to Church first or to Scripture first, and More shows that of necessity, as said above, the faith is before Scripture, both in time and in logical precedence. He then examines Tindal's

false translations of the Scriptures, and shows his malicious purpose in substituting for priests "seniors," for charity "love," for church "congregation," etc. More also proves that the badness of a priest cannot take away his dignity of priesthood, and shows that the Church compels no man to chastity by vow, because it compels no man to be a priest or a religious. He says also that there is no reason why the Bible should not be published in English, but that there is good reason why there should be no *unauthorized* translations of it, as declared by the Council of Oxford. He speaks also of the high reverence due to Scripture, and of the deep reverence of the Jews for it.

In the fourth book of the *Dialogue*, reasons are given why Luther's books ought not to be read, inasmuch as Luther himself confesses that many things in them came of the counsel of the devil; and besides, he directly teaches the doctrine of faith alone without works as the means of salvation, and of faith only; that images ought to be broken instead of kissed, that the anthems to our Lady ought not to be sung; and he rejects the crucifix, the feast of Corpus Christi, and all vows of celibacy. Moreover, he confesses the occasion which induced him to leave the Catholic Church, and while he styles the Emperor simply "Charles," he calls himself the "man of God," Luther, speaks of his own "incredible benignity" and the "virulent venomous words" of a Catholic Council, teaches rebellion, and that all souls sleep till doomsday, inculcates bad living, does away with free-will, and lays sin to the charge of God. More concludes that no sin wounds God's honour more than heresy, and that it is lawful to resist the supporters of it as it is lawful to fight against Turks and infidels; that Princes are bound to do so for the sake both of the spiritual and temporal good of their realms; that to preach to an obstinate heretic is as useless as to preach to a post; that the head of all heretics will be Antichrist, whom our Lord will destroy, gathering into His Church the remnant of the Jews and the remnant of all the sects. This book of *Dialogues* raised a storm of books and pamphlets against More, and led to several further controversial works from him.

In the following year, 1529, while still the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir Thomas More published another remarkable book in two parts, called the *Supplication of Souls*. The occasion which gave rise to the work was this. An anonymous pamphlet had been issued, as it appears, by Tindal, entitled the *Supplication of Beggars*, addressed to the King, in which it was pretended that the possessions of the Church and clergy

amounted to more than half the revenue of the realm, whereas the clergy were not the four-hundredth part of it, and that the begging friars alone, being five orders, received each a penny quarterly from every householder, amounting to forty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence, all which money, if taken from the clergy, and the clergy made to marry and work for their bread, might be divided among the poor, and so there would not be a poor man in England. More wrote in reply the *Supplication of the Souls in Purgatory to all good Christen People*, showing first the falsehood of this unhappy book in laying the poverty of the beggars to the door of the clergy—that the drift of this devil's argument under plea of charity is to heap railing on the clergy, and founded on a palpable lie. The four orders of friars—for there are but four, and not five, the White, Black, Austin, and Grey—are very far from receiving a penny quarterly from each householder, and scarce so much altogether; so that his argument, *in formâ*, will stand thus—Every ass has four heads, and each head has eight ears, and so add up, 43,333. More shows that of the clergy more than three parts are poor men, and that the religious orders are the homes and houses of the poor. Besides that, the Church is canonically bound to give as much as a fourth of its revenues to the poor, whom it feeds with doles and alms throughout the realm, so that the State is at no cost in support of the poor. The marriage of monks and nuns, and beating them out of doors to work, would not diminish but increase at a good rate the list of paupers and beggars, and, so far from all evils being mended by this preaching of Luther's gospel, More makes the remarkable prophecy that, when the clergy and monastic houses shall be done away with, then the kingdom “will be *burthened with beggars, so that the Legislature will be at a loss how to support them,*” as we see to our cost at the present day.

As for the outcry against the Peter's-pence as impoverishing the realm, and the praise the miserable apostate gives to King John, More shows that Peter's-pence were long before the time of King John, and that the kingdom never was tributary to the Pope, nor the clergy ever extortioners, nor preventers of good laws, nor remarkable for badness of lives, nor preachers of sedition—as the wicked maker of this book is. He concludes the first part by observing that the greater part of the wealth of the Church was bestowed by the supplicators, the poor souls now in suffering, whom, if their friends on earth—their brothers, sons, and kinsmen—could only see, they would have much more pity,

and deservedly, for their case and lamentable condition than for all poor beggars upon earth, and sets out the contradictory lies contained in the book, in which the clergy are one time so many that they prevent the population, and do not leave men enough for business and for war, at another time so few that they are not the four-hundredth part of the realm; in one place are the cause of the immense increase of beggars within the last ten years, in another are to be all turned out of doors and sent a-begging—to diminish the number of beggars, and other similar malicious lies. The second part contains an admirable treatise in proof of Purgatory, which it is the intent of the poisonous book to make men disbelieve. More proves it from the common consent of all nations from the beginning of the world, and the revelation of reason; from the justice of God, and the bad life ensuing from the rejection of the doctrine. He proves that souls can and do suffer from the Gospel history of Lazarus and Dives; from the Book of Machabees, which the Church judges to be Scripture, being the sole judge of what is Scripture, and even were it not it proves the common belief of the Jews—then the Church of God—from St. John, St. Matthew, and St. Paul, and from the descent of Christ into hell; from the Book of Kings, the Prophet Zachary, Origen, and St. Austin; from apparitions, revelations, and Church antiquities and history; from the old services of the Catholic Church and the Apostolical constitutions. He answers the ridiculous allegation that the Popes have made Purgatory, and the blasphemous folly that as the Pope has the power to indulgence, he ought to let all the prisoners in Purgatory go free.

The poor suffering souls plead, in conclusion, their membership in the Catholic Church, their undoubted right in charity to the prayers of all Christian people, and the cruel-minded wickedness that would deprive them of that solace, for which they have given alms when on earth. They plead that the safest way for Christians, to say the least, is to believe in Purgatory, and More gives the story of the young gallant in Chepe-side, laughing at a bare-footed friar as a fool for his pains, scoffing at his belief in hell and Purgatory, saying—"What if there be no hell and no Purgatory? Then, friar, thou art a great fool for thy pains." "Yea," quoth the friar; "but, master, what an if there be? Then art thou the much more greater fool." The argument continues to show that Luther himself confesses there is Purgatory, though in another place he denies it, saying that all souls sleep until the day of doom, chilling Christian charity by his doctrine of the devil, and

being himself asleep and dreaming like a drunken sow in his apostacy.

The book concludes with a touching description of the pains of Purgatory, and the mocking laughter of the devils about this book, which, with others like it, has but too well succeeded in accomplishing its object, and closing all the old chantries in England in which Masses were said for the repose of all Christian souls, and closing men's hearts and minds to all care and pity for their fathers and friends departed this life, to endure without succour those unimaginable but incomparable pains which some undoubtedly suffer and will suffer till the Day of Judgment.

It is a riddle to the wits of modern times, and Macaulay expresses his wonder at it, how a man of such a mind as the great Chancellor's could have believed implicitly all the doctrines of the Catholic faith. Here is a shrewd thinker, an accurate reasoner, a learned scholar, a profound philosopher, a model of virtuous domestic life, the sharpest intellect of his time, and accounted even by the King the wisest man in the kingdom, avowing his entire belief in transubstantiation, Purgatory, the worship of images and saints, the infallibility of the Pope, the necessity of tradition as the key of Scripture, and who finally lays his head upon the block rather than deny his faith in the supremacy of the Pope. It is a startling instance of mediæval simplicity. In his case no one can impute puerility, no one attributes to him insincerity. He was not a monk nor a churchman, but a layman twice married, remarkable for what Englishmen esteem so much, independence of character. Calmly he parted with the King's favour, with the highest place of a subject in the realm, with every temporal interest and family tie, endured the long pains of imprisonment in the Tower, aggravated by age and sharp infirmity, and with the same unshaken equanimity parted with his life.

He was clear-sighted enough to see that the Catholicity of England turned upon the point for which he died. The minds of most men at the time were not clear upon the subject—the tide and current of thought set the contrary way. The nobility and the majority of the Bishops and clergy conformed to the necessities, as they deemed it, of the times, and, strange to say, thought the oath proposed by the King's Council to be lawful. He and the noble-hearted Fisher stood almost alone and singular. The natural pride which Englishmen feel in the illustrious men of the annals of our country has secured for More a kind of popularity which few or none have gained who suffered in the same cause,

But his wisdom, intellect, and wit, his virtuous magnanimity and cheerful gravity have gained him an European celebrity which his countrymen could not ignore, and even his resistance to the bloody intolerance and religious supremacy of the tyrant Henry would only increase their admiration of him if it could be separated from his obedience to the Holy See.

The secret of his life, and the sheet-anchor which kept him steady in that terrible crisis of our history, was his strong masculine faith. This was the fountain-head, as it was in *Picus of Mirandola*, of his moral and intellectual greatness, and no other cause need be sought for to account for what he was. The love of the Catholic faith is the predominant element in his writings, from his poetical pieces as a boy to his treatise on the Passion of our Lord, composed while he was prisoner in the Tower, and which he left unfinished to be taken to execution. He believed what the Catholic Church taught, and this principle reigned in his powerful mind supreme. Hence his consistency, his clear perception, and his lucid reasoning, and what some have called his Lancashire obstinacy, which cost him his head.

T. M.

A Saint's Children.

PART THE SECOND.

AFTER the first visit of Bernard de Sales to Monthelon, a very remarkable arrangement took place in his family, where Christian love and union were able to bring about what the law in France and Switzerland has since in a great measure ratified. The ancient law of the first-born was in this instance entirely set aside, and all the sons of the family, beginning with the youngest, were bidden to choose in succession their portion of the family inheritance. Bernard was the youngest of all the brothers, and immediately chose as his share the old family Castle de Sales, which gave him also the title of Baron de Thorens; and although this choice gave rise to a good deal of discussion and some murmuring on the part of most of the family, the peace-making influence of St. Francis and Louis de Sales scattered the rising storms and brought about a good understanding in the end.

St. Francis next celebrated his brother's solemn betrothal with Marie-Aymée de Chantal, or rather their marriage, though the bride was, on account of her extreme youth, to remain for the present with her mother. Madame de Chantal took this opportunity of arranging with the Bishop and her father her long-cherished plan of leaving the world and laying the foundations of what afterwards became the Visitation Order of Nuns. She determined to settle at Annecy for this purpose, and that she might be able to give a helping hand to the young wife as well as educate her remaining little girls. The foundation of this congregation under the care and with the spirit of St. Francis had been for years the chief object of her wishes; but, as generally happens when any lasting good is about to be set on foot, trouble and sorrow gathered around her, and both of these closely-united families were struck at the same moment by affliction. Little Charlotte, her own youngest girl, a child of great promise, was rapidly carried off by sickness, and Madame de Boisy, the Bishop's venerable mother, calmly ended her days in great peace.

The Bishop, as usual, wrote a full account of her end to

Madame de Chantal, saying, among other beautiful things, "I had the strength to give her the last blessing, to close her eyes and lips myself, and to give her the last kiss of peace. After which my heart filled, and I wept over this good mother more tears than I had ever shed since entering the Church, but, thanks be to God, without any bitterness of soul."

During the following year Bernard de Sales went to Monthelon to bring his wife, her mother, and her little sister to Annecy, and after the most painful farewells, first at Monthelon to the old Baron de Chantal, and then at Dijon to the President Frémyot, they all arrived at Annecy on Palm Sunday, when the Bishop himself, with five-and-twenty gentlemen on horseback, met the travellers outside the gates, and the whole inhabitants stood at their doors and windows to greet and welcome the saintly mother and Bernard's girl-bride. Nor was there anything fantastic in their joy or the mode of showing it, for each one of these strangers had come to Annecy in God's name, and to labour in His service.

It would read more like some fairy story than a record of real life, were we to follow the little Baroness de Thorens through the first year of marriage in the old Castle de Sales. It is wonderful that with all the pictures we possess of possible and impossible heroines in poetry and prose, no painter has tried his hand upon the actual beauty of this extraordinary and touching *fact*. Nothing could be depicted more full of grace and charm than the figures of this young Bernard, bright-faced and golden-haired, with his large, transparent blue eyes, and his girl-Baroness, with her richly-coloured young face, sweet with its modest gravity and a kind of peaceful responsibility. We can imagine her sitting at work either in the long gallery or antique chambers of the castle, with their high coved ceilings and deep windows filled with stained glass, or kneeling in the quaint oratory, roofed with blue and sown with stars,* or again, wandering with her chivalrous husband among the exquisite valleys, gazing with rapt delight upon the mountains bathed in rose-coloured and purple light, or gathering primroses and violets from the rich spring carpet which, at the time of their coming home, spread under the hoary oaks and pines.

Marie-Aymée was indeed young to be left to manage her household and herself, but her biographers distinctly record that her prudence and precocious ripeness of character were so great,

* Charles Augustus de Sales and another writer, in 1659, give a full description of the Chateau de Sales.

that after much consultation with St. Francis, Madame de Chantal found she could leave her in perfect safety with her husband and the old servants of the house. She herself, therefore, was at liberty to carry out her long-formed plan of retiring with two companions to a small house in the suburbs of Annecy, known as the "Little Balcony House." The inauguration of this house was conducted with some simple ceremony, Bernard taking charge of Madame de Chantal, and two of his brothers following with Mother Favre and Mother de Brécard, the two first members of an Order hereafter to become so well known and loved. When they arrived at the Balcony House, they found the little temporary chapel quite full of ladies belonging to Annecy and its neighbourhood, who had come in to embrace Madame de Chantal and bid her farewell. The little Baroness was among them, shedding many pardonable tears, not only because it was, in the natural sense, a separation, but also because she was struck and saddened by the bare aspect of the small, mean house and rooms, after the vast castles and spacious apartments in which she had been accustomed to see her mother. She now began to realize what sacrifice means, and by appreciation of her mother's loving courage was led to make new resolves in regard to her own life. And in these resolutions she was speedily helped, for the doors of the new convent were then, as now, opened to give counsel and comfort to all who really needed either, and counsel so given—as those who have the happiness of receiving it now are well aware—is full of enlightened wisdom to those battling with the world. During the next year the benevolent old President Frémyot died.

Marie-Aymée's childish temptations to the love of dress, society, and pleasure, again rose to the surface after her married life had become a settled fact, and the novelty of its difficulties with household servants had worn away. The Castle de Sales was surrounded by neighbours, for every valley boasted of one or two castles, inhabited by simple Savoyard families who claimed that patent of *noblesse* which alone entitled them in those days to the privilege of associating with other nobles. Twenty-five of these little properties surrounded the Castle de Sales, and out of so large a number of friends it may easily be imagined that the young Baroness de Thorens found ample means of satisfying her love for visiting and being visited, as well as that other lesser inextinct love for planning and wearing the prettiest and best-fancied toilettes. Her manners and hospitable welcomes were so charming, also, that the tide of visitors soon flowed higher and

higher, and as usual, the exact line which separates moderation from excess was soon passed. It was not possible that this state of things should continue long unknown to Madame, or as she was now called, Mother de Chantal, whose ears and eyes were as watchful as her heart when her children's welfare was concerned. But Mother de Chantal had now too long studied under her great master not to have imbibed from him some of his sweet and gentle way of winning souls; and instead of reproaching or frightening her daughter, or provoking opposition by a harsh narrowness, as if people in society were to live like nuns, she merely begged Marie, on one of her visits to the convent, to take up again her old habit of making a quarter of an hour's meditation every day. The little Baroness, who evidently had an excellent will of her own, was very reluctant to bind herself to a restraint which she did not much fancy, but as her mother playfully remarked that a quarter of an hour soon passes, while the good of a quarter of an hour's mental prayer remains, she yielded, and took up once more that solid and most precious habit.

She had soon cause to rejoice that she had done this, and before she had time to grow weary of her new resolutions, a good friend came to her aid. This was Mademoiselle de Monthoux, who afterwards became an admirable and well-known nun of the Visitation Order. Sister Paul Jerome, as she was called, came to join Mother de Chantal at Annecy in 1614, where she spent a most courageous noviceship, employed in all kinds of rough and unpalatable occupations, in the intervals of which she saw a good deal of Marie-Aymée, and became her fast and faithful friend and counsellor. The maxims which had seemed to savour too much of Mother de Chantal's age and austerity sounded quite differently from the lips of a girl scarcely older than Amyée herself, and as war broke out between Savoy and Spain, and Bernard's absences with his regiment became frequent and prolonged, his poor little wife found comfort chiefly in going to the Little Balcony House and talking to Sister Paul Jerome. Everything then was unfolded; visits, riding-parties, conversations, and jokes, whatever might have been uppermost, and when the whole budget had been emptied without reserve, Sister Paul Jerome gently remarked upon what would have been better said or unsaid, and without taking up that tone of preaching to which good women are sometimes addicted, she led Marie-Aymée's mind to the words and example of the Gospel and its contrast to the spirit of the world. The novice's courageous example had even a greater influence

than her words, for whatever might be the interest of the conversation, if the time allotted were past, or any convent rule or duty called her—and these things were not made mysteries of—the young novice would hurry away, showing by every movement and gesture of her bright face and fragile frame, that God was always, and should be always, loved and served before any one else.

As the time drew near for the birth of her child, Marie-Aymée made up her mind once for all to what is generally known as a true "conversion," that is, she hesitated no longer between God and the world, or rather, between serving God wholly or by halves. She made a general confession to St. Francis de Sales, choosing him altogether as her director and spiritual father, and thus won her own victory, for hitherto she had rather avoided putting herself spiritually under his powerful, though most gentle influence. Her mother was not then at Annecy, but St. Francis wrote to tell her, and to bid her redouble her prayers that this dear child might now become distinguished for her piety; and in several letters to herself he encourages, warns, and guides the Baroness on the upward way.

On this great and royal, though self-denying way of the Cross, Marie-Aymée's progress, as that of loving souls generally proves, was rapid and thorough. In two months' time, says St. Francis, there was a visible change in her strength in overcoming temptations, and in her sincere love of prayer and retirement instead of the frivolities of the world. She rose very early, and went to the chapel for morning prayers, then she gave the necessary orders as to provisions, meal, dole, &c., and after all was clearly arranged for the servants and the house, she returned to the chapel to make her meditation. In this way the young Baroness wisely avoided the delays and uncertainties among her dependents which so often lead good people to worry and annoy their households, and help to make religion unpopular with others. She was also very careful to make none of those distasteful alterations in her dress and outward surroundings which are displeasing to the eye and taste, and in all such indifferent matters she consulted her husband's least wishes and inclinations. She continued to entertain a number of guests at the castle, and was even more popular, because sweeter, more equable, and more self-sacrificing than she had been when absorbed in parties and amusements. But at the same time, that love of the poor which is the most unfailling sign of an increased love of God, began to assert itself more visibly in Marie-Aymée, and her visits to her destitute and infirm neighbours, and occupation about them, took up a larger

portion of her time and thoughts. During the months spent at the castle, the kind Baroness became, in fact, the peace-maker, the adviser, the physician, the almoner, of all the poor in the neighbouring valleys.

Whether it were that, her thoughts and time being thus usefully occupied, Marie-Aymée was a little less visible in her sitting-rooms prettily dressed, and merely engaged in some graceful trifling handiwork, or whether it may have been that the young child-wife having now developed into a thoughtful and cultivated woman, was no longer so amusing and light-hearted a plaything as formerly, Bernard de Sales actually complained to her one day that though he was rejoiced to find her so good, he should have liked her to be *a little less pious*: It was a most critical moment for Marie-Aymée, and a less brave and loyal heart might have been tempted to yield weakly, and by slipping back into her former frivolous course of life, might have dragged both herself and her husband down to the loss of grace. Well was it indeed for Bernard, with all his noble and virtuous ancestry, with all his valour in arms, that his child-wife was so far braver and stronger than himself. Marie-Aymée laughed at him, represented with her charming humility that his own brother had told her it was impossible to love God too much; that she herself had so little love that if she tried to make it less she should have none left at all, and that she believed that he had said this thing to her jestingly to try her and to excite her to be a little more fervent than she was. She said all this with such winning grace and wife-like submission, that her husband was more delighted with her than ever, and as is usual with men, valued her a thousand times the more for having resisted his foolish temptation.

Whenever Bernard was away at Court or at the war, the young Baroness immediately went to the Balcony House to her mother and Sister Paul Jerome. She had always loved this nun, said an old MS., "like her own heart," but now she never related to her worldly news, foolish gossip, or frivolous tales. When in the convent, Marie-Aymée always opened her mind fully either to her mother or to this guardian-angel friend, and as a means of humbling and subjecting her lower nature she used as much corporal austerity as she was allowed. It was well for her that the bright colours with which youth and her own joyous, rich nature had invested this world, now took their real more sober hues, for troubles were close at hand, and life soon became to Marie-Aymée the trial-ground which was to purify her for heaven. St. Francis had written to her, and sent a beautiful prayer fit for

women in her condition, imploring a special blessing on the new soul soon to be launched into the world, that it might never lose the merit of Christ's Passion, nor be banished from the kingdom of heaven; and this prayer the Baroness said every day. But in spite of this, and of the many fervent prayers said for her, this long looked for birth did not take place, and she was not this time to know a mother's joy. At the same time her own health, which was already delicate, became very bad, and at the early age of seventeen years the Baroness thought it right to make her will and every preparation for death. She was reserved however for other sufferings and sorrows, and in little more than a year gave birth to a child who died directly after it was baptized. It was with a saddened heart and shattered health therefore that Marie-Aymée now entered upon a new era of trial, during which her brothers and her beloved Bishop and guide drank to the very lees of the bitter cup of calumny, misrepresentation, and the hatred of those who were best able to wound and injure their reputation and usefulness. The cause of these troubles was the ambition of the Count, afterwards Duke, of Geneva, Henry de Nemours, who succeeded his brother Charles Emmanuel and his father James, whose marriage with Anne d'Este, the widow of Francis of Lorraine, had involved him in all the intrigues and turmoil of the League wars. James seems to have bequeathed both his ambition and his warlike unrest to Henry, who was first neutral between the King of France and the Duke of Savoy, and then rebelled against the latter, his liege lord and cousin. During the intrigues and jealousies of these little duchies, St. Francis de Sales became the subject of endless suspicion to both parties, the Duke of Savoy probably laying the fact of his cousin's neutrality at the Bishop's door. One after another the four brothers de Sales were accused and calumniated, threatened with imprisonment, and held up to the country as traitors, leagued with France, and false to their own Government and rulers. In the end St. Francis wrote very brave and noble refutations of all that had been said to the two Dukes, and soon afterwards the real traitor, who was the Duke of Geneva himself, was unmasked. He borrowed bodies of troops from France, and tried to wrest Savoy from the Duke, who then clearly perceived how much he had been duped by his cousin. In order more speedily to put down the insurrection and clear the valleys of these invaders, he went himself to Annecy, where he took up his abode with St. Francis de Sales, loaded him and his brothers with thanks and favours, and cleared them in the face of all the neighbourhood

from the false accusations of treachery and sedition to which they had been subjected. In his train came also Bernard de Sales, who was able to remain at the castle for several months, and, with Marie-Aymée, welcomed the restoration of peace and thoroughly enjoyed their time of rest.

It was a beautiful spring, and the return of the warm sunshine to the deep and sequestered valleys about the castle had just called forth the troops of flowers which fringe the Alpine rocks at this season. The ground was sown with pink and blue and white stars and bells, the runnels of ice-cold water leapt from rock to rock, the call of the herdsmen answered the bells of their cattle, and all that most solemn and glorious beauty of the Alpine spring, shone more radiant under the deep blue sky. It was exactly seven years since that other never-to-be-forgotten spring of 1610, when Bernard de Sales had first brought home his childlike bride; and as they now wandered here and there, enjoying their unlooked-for holiday after so many trials, it seemed to them that they had slipped back again to that same childlike happiness, and were enjoying it all over once more with the added zest of repose from care and pain. It was another instance of those islands in life—those brief sojourns by the palm-tree and the spring—which are vouchsafed in mercy to all those best-beloved of God who must win their crown through much battle and sorrow.

It was in truth a brief sojourn. The French King suddenly withdrew his support from Charles Emmanuel,* and when the 4,000 men he had contributed were ordered back to Dauphiné the Duke was obliged to summon every soldier he could muster to arms. Bernard de Sales was one of the first to receive this mandate, and for the first time in his life he felt sad and reluctant to go. He and his wife drove to Annecy together, holding one another by the hand, and as the carriage took them further and further from their beloved castle, they often looked back to the mountain peaks and green slopes where they had lately wandered, and where they had lived so happily together, but which they both now felt sure they should never see together again. At Annecy, while Bernard was collecting, arming, and drilling his men, all in like manner to be recalled from their occupations and homes, Marie-Aymée spent her time before the altar, imploring the safe return of her husband. But in vain she seemed to beseech, or to hope to be heard. The word *hope* seemed to be changed for her into *resignation*.

* Charles Emmanuel I.

Bernard's will is dated May 5, 1617, and it is soldierlike and short. In it he orders that his body shall be buried in whatever parish he may happen to fall, and leaves a small yearly sum to his dear wife, begging her to remember that she is already in possession of much of his property, and that he is bound to leave some provision for his heir, who, failing children of his own, would be his brother, Louis de Sales. The moment of their separation was so bitter that it foreshadowed completely that of death. They promised one another solemnly to live so as to meet in heaven. Marie-Aymée told her husband that if he died in battle she should consecrate herself to God in her mother's convent, and then, tearing herself from his agonized clasp, she was taken to the Balcony House, where she lay before the altar in the chapel more dead than alive. She spent the next few days in prayers and tears, constantly imploring that her husband might be spared and return, but scarcely once hoping that her prayer would be heard.

This was the office and lot of the wife. The husband, happy in being able to plunge immediately into action, was trampling his grief into the snows of the Alpine pass, across which he had to lead his troops. The Spanish army had already invested Vercelli, which Charles Emmanuel was defending with the most brilliant courage and skill. The summer heats that year came on early. There was a want of provisions and water, and Bernard, accustomed to breathe the purest mountain air, felt oppressed by the crowded quarters and foetid atmosphere of the camp and plains. Sickness broke out and rapidly spread, and Bernard was one of the first attacked by malignant fever, when, being given up by the doctors of the army, one of his brothers had him carried to Turin, where they hoped that better remedies and air might still save his life. His only thought, however, was how to die. He sent for a Barnabite monk, Don Guérin, a friend of St. Francis de Sales, made his confession, and acknowledged that it seemed to him most hard and bitter to be so soon divided from his beloved wife. The kind monk shed many tears with him over his sad and early death, but begged of Bernard to make the sacrifice of his dear and matchless wife courageously, and to look forward to being with her for ever in heaven. Bernard had also one other sacrifice to offer. He had ever been reckoned one of the bravest and most efficient officers in Charles Emmanuel's army, and now he knew that he should not die like a soldier, fighting for his country on the glorious battle-field, but must give up his life like a sick woman, in bed. But this last

fiery natural impulse was also faced and fully overcome. Distinctly uttering the words of his sacrifice, Bernard de Sales resigned his beloved wife, renounced his early and intense desire to die gloriously in battle, and, offering to God his bright happy life of thirty-four years, and the humiliation of its inglorious end, he calmly implored a blessing on his young wife, and sent her a message, and, having received the last Sacraments, he died without pain, "like a young saint among the soldiers," as St. Francis de Sales said. He was buried with great state in the church of the Barnabites, but his noblest sepulchre was in his wife's heart, where he was embalmed with the most loving resignation and tears.

When the news was brought to Annecy, St. Francis de Sales would not let Marie-Aymée know it that night, but in the morning he bade her come to confession, and after she had finished, he said to her—"Well now, my dear child, have you put yourself entirely in God's hands?" She replied, "Yes, my lord, absolutely." "And are you not then eager to receive from His holy and blessed hands anything it pleases Him to send?" "Yes, my lord—Father." Then stopping short, she added—"Ah! you are going to tell me my dear husband is dead!" The Bishop tenderly replied that it was so, and he heard this sweet wife reply—"Ah! my Lord and my God, hast Thou taken away my dear husband? What wilt Thou that I should do?"

The admirable and tender-hearted Bishop knew well that our Lord Himself would be her best comforter, and only saying a few sweet and gentle words, he told her that he was going now to celebrate Mass for the departed and to give her Communion, which was the only balm for that wounded soul, and which comforted and soothed her very much. She remained during Mass in the sacristy, and the kind and sympathizing nuns, who were weeping and praying with her in the chapel, have recorded some of her words, as she spoke as if face to face with our Lord, and, with her usual childlike transparent openness, made all her complaint to Him Who alone could wound and heal her. When we read these loving complaints we are reminded of the fragrance of rich gums or spices, which, when distilled or bruised, fill the whole air about them with their odour. "Oh! my Lord and my only Good, what is this that Thou hast done unto me? Thou hast cruelly pierced my poor faint heart with a deep wound; pour into it the healing oil of Thy grace. I submit myself wholly to Thy divine will, and would rather die a thousand deaths than say or think anything displeasing to Thee. Thou

art my Comfort and my true Good ; therefore, in spite of my great grief, I declare to Thee that I am Thine wholly, Thine only, and that Thou mayest cut, bruise, and do with me as Thou wilt, only give me strength to bear it, for it is as the agony of death." Sometimes she would fold her arms, look up to heaven, and say—"Ah! my dear Lord, my heart is beside itself with anguish. In Thy Fatherly goodness shield me in this storm of grief." And once she uttered these most touching words—"O my Lord and my only Good, grant me, Thy most unworthy servant, not to complain of Thee, but of myself, for it is my sins that have brought this flood of grief upon my poor desolate soul."

She was taken into the nun's choir to receive Communion, where she also made secretly a vow of perpetual chastity, and, after her thanksgiving, was gently led away to her bed, where she remained the whole day, making acts of love, thanksgiving, and submission, and being in all things the gentlest, sweetest, and most docile mourner that can ever be imagined. Nothing kept her alive in her great sorrow but the life which she was to bring forth, and the thought of her child also prevented her from receiving the Visitation habit, which seemed now her only remaining wish. This also was granted her in the end, but not as she had thought.

After about three months had glided by, the pains of premature childbirth fell suddenly upon the little Baroness de Thorens, and as it was then impossible to move her to the house prepared for her in the town, the nuns wisely put aside all their own habits and feelings about the matter, and sent for the nurses that were necessary, and for one or two experienced married ladies who were often at the convent. In the middle of the night, therefore, a beautiful little boy was born, who, like his sister, had time to be baptized, and was then carried away to eternal rest. His mother, rejoicing to hear that a son was born to her, seemed to return to life, but when they said to her, "You have brought an angel into the world," she quickly understood, and said she was glad, for he would have forced her to remain in the world, but that now she could be a nun without hindrance.

But the time of her brief and beautiful life was to end with another sacrifice, and as sudden and sharp illness soon set in, Marie-Aymée knew that she must put her house in order, and go forth with her lamp well trimmed to meet the Bridegroom. She sent for Madame de Chantal, and arranged her affairs in such a way as that her husband's family should not be burthened at her death. Soon after that she became worse, and St. Francis was

sent for. The news of all that had occurred grieved the tender-hearted Bishop very much, for he dearly loved this dear little sister, so early widowed, who was also his child and charge. He brought with him several priests, who were deeply moved at the courage and devotion of the dying Baroness. The Bishop asked her in his usual way if she was ready to say, "Live Jesus!" She replied, "Yes, my lord," and also added, "Whose death showed the strength of His love." He asked her again if she would make her confession. "Ah, yes!" she eagerly replied, "I shall be glad. I wish it." And joining her hands, she immediately began to make her examen of conscience. After the Viaticum, Marie-Aymée asked her mother to grant her one favour, which was to receive the habit of a novice; and, very humbly turning to the Bishop, she begged of him not to think of her sins and misery, but rather of his charity and the mercy of God. The Bishop replied that the nuns would be exceedingly glad to give her the habit, and when everything was hastily made ready he invested her with the novice's habit, and then gave her Extreme Unction.

Marie-Aymée had by that time become perfectly calm and joyful, and asked if she might beg one more grace—that of making her three vows and her profession as a Visitation nun, and as all the community joined with Madame de Chantal in giving consent, the Bishop clothed her with the black veil and received her vows, which she pronounced in a sweet clear voice, with great fervour. And now, having nothing further to desire, she only made ready to depart in peace with extraordinary joy, saying—"O my Jesus, my King, and my Spouse, Thou art all mine, and I am Thine for ever and ever!"

Very sharp and cruel pains seized and racked her feeble and failing frame, and in spite of her resolution and courage she could not help crying out aloud. St. Francis, wishing to give her the merit of one more final sacrifice, asked her if she were ready to bear those pains till the last day if such were the will of God? Marie-Aymée instantly replied that she was ready to bear, not only those, but any other pains that God might send, for she was His alone and altogether. Those who were looking on about her bed, while weeping and sobbing gently at the thought that their beloved little Baroness was leaving them while still a child, saw with delight that her fair face was lit up with a heavenly radiance, and that the divine peace seemed already stamping its own seal upon that spotless childlike brow. Towards the early dawn Marie-Aymée spoke once more, saying gently—"Here is death; I must make ready to go!" Then, pronouncing in a clear sweet

voice, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" she looked up once towards heaven, and went to her rest.

This beautiful life, let it never be forgotten, had lasted a little more than nineteen years. During that time Marie-Aymée de Chantal had become a wife, a mother, a widow, and a nun, and also, as we may truly believe, a person of ripe sanctity and much beloved of God. The flower cultivated and tended with such extreme care was early gathered and removed out of sight, but it was transplanted to that "garden enclosed," in which the Lord of pure souls and little children takes eternal delight.

E. B.

From Horace.

(Od. i., 7.)

(*Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo.*)

THE south winds often rise,
When vapours blot the day,
To cheer the joyless skies
And sweep the gloom away.
Sweet gales! howe'er the heavens o'ercast,
We know their rains are not to last.

Hence, Plancus, hence, my friend,
Be wise, all cares resign;
Let toils and sorrows end
In bowls of mellow wine.
Remember this where'er you rove,
In Cæsar's camp or Tibur's grove.

When Teucer, stories say,
Fled from his father's frown,
He culled a poplar spray
And wove a festive crown;
And round his brows, bedew'd with wine,
He bade the smiling verdure twine.

"Fellows and friends," he cried,
As they stood by in tears,
"Fortune's a friendlier guide—
We'll go where Fortune steers.
Of what shall Teucer's friends despair
'Neath Teucer's tutelary care?

"O trust the promised days,
When under happier skies,
Unerring Phœbus says,
A Salamis shall rise,
That men who hear our city's fame
Shall doubt which Salamis we name.

"Brave friends, how oft were we
In harder sorrows tried?
Then crown the bowl with me,
And throw your cares aside.
Drink on; to-morrow, friends, again
We'll venture on the spacious main."

English Reformatories and Industrial Schools.

FEW institutions assisted by the public money are better calculated to do permanent good than reformatory and industrial schools. The object of such schools is to get hold of the young, and to withdraw them from the dangers of a life of crime, on which they have either actually entered, or to which they are, from neglect and poverty, fearfully exposed. The homeless and vagrant children, who run uncared for about the streets of our great cities, winning a precarious livelihood, now by begging, and now by petty acts of theft, are the proper subjects for the industrial schools, while the reformatory is the fitting home for criminals, who, although young in years, are frequently mature in vice. In either class of institution the work of reformation is attempted to be carried on by religious education, by secular instruction, by forming habits of self-control, self-respect, order, and obedience, and by accustoming the young of either sex to useful and healthy manual labour. Thousands are exposed to the hourly peril of contracting a fatal taste for a dissolute and criminal life, simply because, being friendless, they have no one to take them in hand, and to train them in good habits, at a time when they are comparatively tractable and easily directed for good. And many have fallen into actual crime, not so much from depraved propensities, but because they have had the misfortune, from their earliest years, to live in an atmosphere of vice, the children or companions of thieves and prostitutes, compelled to witness from day to day the most revolting scenes of profligacy. They are the outcasts of society, strangers to the softening influences either of natural tenderness, or of Christian sympathy, hardened in sin before they have had a chance of knowing anything better.

To such children as these, a well-conducted reformatory may become in reality the best of homes. There will, of course, be many disappointments. Some dispositions there are, so crooked, that no training appears to exercise any beneficial effect upon them. Whatever is base and low and mean and grovelling they take to with a relish that is quite astounding. If two courses are opened to them, one honest, straightforward, and respectable, the other dishonest, perverse, and disreputable, they invariably, and, as it were, irresistibly, choose the latter. Young criminals such as these grow up very quickly into monsters of iniquity, like that wretched man Owen, or Jones, the murderer of a whole family, who even on the scaffold was impervious to every religious impression.* But although the number of such hardened young wretches is by no means inconsiderable, yet, after all, they are a minority. In many cases the juvenile vagrant and the juvenile criminal is what he is, because he has hitherto had no

* "John Jones, the perpetrator of the Denham murders, was executed on Monday morning within the walls of the county prison at Aylesbury. From the time of his conviction the conduct of the prisoner was for the most part marked by callousness and brutality. He repeatedly declared himself innocent; but when asked to account for the fact of his blood-stained clothes having been found in the house with the murdered people, began to swear. He wrote a letter to his wife expressing his sorrow for leaving her, and asking her forgiveness, and desiring to see her. She reached Aylesbury on Thursday, but he only upbraided her with having caused him to leave her. In a fit of remorse he said she might come again next day, when his conduct was much altered, and he cried like a child, and asked her forgiveness. To her he declared that he was innocent. The night previous to the execution he slept well, and in the morning arose early, and partook of a hearty breakfast. During the process of pinioning he was quite quiet, and walked out into the yard with a firm step, giving a hasty glance on either side as if watching an opportunity to escape his doom. He ascended the scaffold with the half military step which has characterized him all through, and stood firmly under the beam, bringing his legs close together for the adjustment of the strap in the same soldierly manner. Before the white cap was adjusted on him he turned to the assembled people and said, 'Friends. I want to address a few words to you,' then, after a moment's hesitation, he added, 'I am going to die for the wilful murder of Charles Marshall, not Charles, I forget his name—Marshall at Denham, but I'm innocent.' In the next instant the cap was put on him, and instantly the bolt was withdrawn. There was a slight twitching of the muscles for two minutes, and then all was over. A black flag hoisted on the prison walls intimated to the 600 assembled outside that the last sentence of the law had been carried into effect."—*Daily Paper.*

opportunity of becoming anything better. A reformatory gives these poor creatures the very opportunity which they never otherwise could have had. It gives them a home and a school in one. It gives them care, protection, instruction, and discipline; and it would be strange indeed if such institutions, when well conducted, did not succeed in converting the majority of this class of actual or possible criminals into industrious and honest members of society. The Government Inspector's Report of these schools, show that the general result is, on the whole, satisfactory. If some be lost, many more are rescued. Let us see how the system works.

I. According to the Report* lately published by Mr. Sydney Turner, Her Majesty's Inspector, there are sixty-five certified reformatories in Great Britain. Of these fourteen are in Scotland, fifty-one in England. An additional reformatory for Roman Catholic boys is in course of erection at Aintree, near Liverpool, and another reformatory for Protestant girls will, the Inspector hopes, shortly be established at Twickenham. Of the English reformatories, four are for Roman Catholic boys, and three for Roman Catholic girls. In Scotland there are only two Catholic reformatories, one for each sex. The Roman Catholic boys' schools are, Brook Green, near London; Market Weighton, Yorkshire; the *Clarence* ship, Liverpool; Mount St. Bernard's, near Leicester; and Parkhead, near Glasgow. Those for girls are Arno's Court, Bristol; Yorkshire Catholic, Sheffield; Blackbrook, St. Helen's; and Dalbeth at Glasgow. Roman Catholic boys are also received under special regulations as to their religious instruction and attendance at public worship, at the North Eastern Reformatory, Netherton, near Morpeth, and the Glamorgan, near Neath. Mr. Sydney Turner adds that "no complaint or difficulty has arisen from the mixture of the Protestant and Roman Catholic boys in these institutions," but Catholics cannot regard such a mixture as desirable, although it is useless to make complaints so long as we have nothing better to offer.

* *Thirteenth Report of the Inspector appointed to visit the Reformatory and Industrial Schools of Great Britain.* London, 1870.

On the 31st of December, 1869, these reformatories contained a total population of 5,480—*i.e.*, 4,360 boys, and 1,120 girls. Of these, there are 839 Catholic boys in England, and 215 in Scotland. The Roman Catholic girls number 83 in Scotland, and 191 in England. So that the juvenile Catholic population rescued from crime, and placed in reformatories, amounts in all to 1,328. This number is exclusive of those who were out on license to employment preliminary to being discharged, and of whom the relative Catholic and Protestant proportions have not been given. It is also exclusive of the number detained in industrial schools, of which we shall come to speak presently.

Exclusive of transfers from one school to another, 1,451 reformatory children were discharged throughout the year, out of which number 315 boys and 164 girls were placed in service or employment of some sort. The majority of the boys, however (408), and ninety-four girls are reported to have been returned to their friends, which would seem to imply that they were sent back to the same evil course of life from which they had been taken, but this need not necessarily be so—at least, not in every case. 227 boys were sent to sea, nineteen enlisted in the army, and five boys and five girls were discharged as incorrigible. Only one of these incorrigible boys was in a Catholic reformatory (Market Weighton); the incorrigible girls were all Protestants.

The death-rate in the schools speaks highly for the care taken of the children, and for the general good management of the establishments. Because although an epidemic may, now and then, break out in the best schools, yet as a rule, wherever there is an excess of illness or mortality, we have always reason to fear that there is also some serious defect with respect to ventilation, food, cleanliness, drainage, and work. The death-rate in these schools, taken together, is only 77 per cent, or allowing for the probable deaths of the majority of those discharged on account of disease, about one per cent. With respect to particular schools, we perceive with regret that the highest rate of mortality is to be found in the Aberdeen refor-

matory for girls (Protestant), which returns three deaths upon an average of thirty-eight children, and the *Clarence ship* (Catholic), which had six deaths among 200 boys, or thereabouts. The Inspector appears to attribute the deaths in the Aberdeen reformatory to a bad supply of water, and a defective dietary. He mentions as worthy of special notice the precautions taken under these heads at the Catholic reformatories of Arno's Court and Market Weighton, where no deaths occurred during the year, and at the Protestant reformatory of Redhill, with its 300 inmates, where no case of death has occurred for three years.

If we pass on now to the results of the various reformatory schools, we find that the Catholic schools apparently give a less satisfactory account than the Protestant. Mr. Sydney Turner makes his calculations upon the returns which are furnished of the present character and circumstances of the young offenders discharged from the schools in the three years 1866—1868. According to these returns, 71 per cent. of English Protestant boys are doing well, and 62 per cent. of English Protestant girls. In the Catholic schools, the average of girls doing well is higher than the average in the Protestant girls'-schools—the reclaimed Catholic girls being 69 per cent. against 62 of the Protestant. But the proportion of the reconvictions tells sadly against the Catholic children—the percentage being 22 Catholic against 10·6 Protestant. It is to be remembered, however, that the percentage of Catholic girls reported as “unknown” is only 6, while that of the Protestant girls is as much as 17·4. So that on the whole, if we except the reconviction percentage of 22, the Catholic girls' reformatories have had more success than the Protestant. The Catholic boys doing well are only 60 per cent., while the Protestant boys are 71. And the reconvictions on the Catholic side amount to 26·4 per cent., the Protestant being only 15·6 per cent. In Scotland, however, the Catholic boys are at the top of the list—those who are doing well being 73 per cent. against 60 Protestants; that is, if the returns be accurate. Mr. Sydney Turner, how-

ever, suspects, and with some reason, that in the return from Parkhead reformatory, the "doubtful" cases are classed along with those doing well. If this be so, the value of the return is destroyed; and that there is reason to apprehend some inaccuracy is certain from the fact that no cases are recorded either as "doubtful" or as "unknown." The Scotch Catholic girls average only 58 per cent. against 66 Protestant, and the reconvictions are 27 per cent. Catholic boys, and 21 per cent. Catholic girls against 17 per cent. Protestant boys, and 7 per cent. Protestant girls.

It must be admitted that these returns are calculated to leave on our minds an unfavourable impression as to the working of the Catholic reformatory system. And this unfavourable impression is increased when we take into consideration the case of the industrial schools also.

II. The total number of certified industrial schools in England and Scotland up to the 31st December, 1869, was eighty-two—in England fifty-eight, in Scotland twenty-four. Of these fourteen are for Catholic children only, two in Scotland and twelve in England. In all these schools, taken together, the death-rate is one per cent. on the average population of the schools, which the Inspector thinks is perhaps less than might have been expected, considering the class of children which the schools recruit from, the diseased constitution they inherit, and the younger age at which many of them are admitted. Making this admission, he at the same time anticipates that as the schools improve in arrangement, and in the diet and occupation of the children, the present rate will be diminished. The actual number of deaths is highest in a Roman Catholic industrial school. With respect to the general results of these schools for the years 1866—1868, it would appear, that the "English Protestant schools for boys are able to return only 14 per cent. and 15 per cent.—*i.e.*, about one-seventh of the boys and girls discharged as 'unknown.' The 'unknown' out of the discharged from English Roman Catholic schools (chiefly Ilford and St. George's, Liverpool) amount to 44 per cent., or nearly one half on the boys, and 55 per cent., or above one-half,

on the girls. The proportion doing well being, for the boys from the English Protestant schools, 72 per cent., and for the girls 62. While for the boys from the English Roman Catholic schools it is but 46, and for the girls 31. The contrast is as unfavourable to the Scotch schools, both Protestant and Catholic. The number returned as 'unknown' from the Scotch boys' schools amounts to 33 per cent., or one third of the whole, and the proportion doing well is under 50 per cent., or less than one half."

It is the wisest policy to look facts, however ugly, in the face. We cannot better ourselves by shutting our eyes to that which every one but ourselves sees too clearly. If the Catholic reformatories and industrial schools are really behind the Protestant schools of the same kind, the time may come when by improved management, and by close inspection, they may become superior to them. But they never can improve, if we refuse to look things in the face, if we regard every man as an enemy who ventures to tell us the truth, and if our inordinate self-conceit refuses to admit that there are defects or shortcomings in our actual administration. Supposing the Report of Her Majesty's Inspector to be fully borne out, the Catholic religion will not be the less true, because in the struggling condition of the Church in England and Scotland, reformatory and industrial schools are not as well managed as they ought to be. It is really no slur upon the Church that in a country where everything is against it, where, itself being exceedingly poor, it is scarcely able to provide for the education of its clergy and the due administration of the Sacraments, it should not be able, all at once, to compete with the wealthy Protestant sects in the support and management of a class of schools requiring exceptional treatment. It may not have the men, and it may not have the money, and in default of instruments and of means, its work, however well-intentioned and well-directed, must remain imperfect. If, then, it be true that the result of the Catholic reformatories and industrial schools is, on the whole, less satisfactory than the result of the Protestant schools, we must admit the fact, because of its truth. It will do us no harm to see the truth. It can

do us no good to deceive ourselves, or to try and deceive others.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Sydney Turner has honestly stated the actual results *on paper* of the Catholic and Protestant reformatory schools, and that he has stated these results with impartiality. Some years ago, there were letters in some of the Catholic journals imputing unworthy and sectarian motives to the Inspector of Reformatories. We have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Sydney Turner, and we can only judge of his fairness or unfairness from his published Reports. We have read with care most of them, and we feel bound to say that we can see no signs of bigotry or unfairness about them. Of course, as a Protestant, Mr. Sydney Turner must differ in many matters of principle and of detail from Catholics. He may think one class of teachers more useful for English children than another. He may reasonably object to certain restraints, the nature of which it is possible that he may misapprehend, or the results of which he may seem to think will be disadvantageous to the children in future life. These are *ἀδιάφορα*—indifferent matters about which men may fairly take opposite sides. But the general tenour of his Reports are unexceptionable. They are tenderly worded. They make great allowance for impediments in the way of working efficiently the reformatory system. And whether they deal with Catholic or Protestant, we have always observed a tendency to look at the brighter side of affairs, to notice defects as lightly as possible, and rather to speak hopefully of the future than to dwell ill-naturedly on the errors of the past or present.

We feel all the more bound in justice to bear this testimony to the general fairness of Mr. Sydney Turner's Report, because, with respect to the alleged shortcomings of the Catholic reformatories, we find reason to call in question its accuracy. We do not at all doubt that, as the results are summed up *on paper*, they are unfavourable to the Catholic institutions as compared with the Protestant; nor do we doubt that there may have been, or may still be, very grave defects in the adminis-

tration, care, and management of particular Catholic establishments ; nor, again, do we doubt that Mr. Sydney Turner has passed over these blemishes with as much consideration and with as much forbearance as his duty would allow him to do. We make these admissions with the utmost sincerity. But still we cannot help feeling that the result *on paper* is superficial and inaccurate. It has been drawn up after the usual red-tape official pattern, and it has omitted to take into account circumstances that, if fairly weighed, would either incline the balance to the other side, or at all events exonerate the Catholic establishments from the implied censure which has been passed upon them.

1. In the first place, that the contrast in the results between the Protestant and Catholic reformatories be fairly borne out, it must be shown that the majority of the children in either schools belong exactly to the same criminal or quasi-criminal class. If you establish reformatories, and fill them, not with criminals, but with naughty or neglected children, you have no great reason to boast if your average of "well-doing" boys and girls exceed the average of institutions more strictly devoted to the criminal class. To make the result at all fair you must be certain that the same class of children is to be found in the Catholic as in the Protestant schools. Now the Inspector himself laments, in his Report, that "reformatory schools are used in a large majority of cases for prevention rather than cure." In fact, "about half (nine-sixteenths) of those committed to reformatories were committed without having been previously convicted of any crime." The total admissions for the year amounted to 1,670, of which number only 385 entered at Catholic establishments, leaving 1,285 Protestant children, of whom 751, or considerably more than half, had not previously been convicted. In other words, they may have been children badly disposed or neglected, and in danger of contracting habits of crime, but they were not criminal in the strict sense of the word. The Catholic children, on the other hand, belong chiefly to the criminal class. They belong to the lowest section of the population, and although a good proportion

of these are also returned as not having been previously convicted, especially among the girls, yet this proportion falls very far short indeed of the number of non-criminal children in the Protestant reformatories. These latter institutions, therefore, as a rule, have to work upon a less difficult material, and in estimating the results a larger allowance ought in justice to be made for this difference in the class of children.

2. But, again, the Protestants have three very important advantages over the Catholics, which must operate, in no slight degree, to procure for them a more favourable return. They have a number of small reformatories. They have the support of the nation, its wealth and its kindly feeling. They have more means of placing out the children to advantage when the time of detention has expired. Although they have some large reformatories, conducted in a most efficient manner, such as the "*Cornwall Reformatory School Ship*," Purfleet, having an average of 254 boys; the "*Ringwood Reformatory for Boys*," at Bristol, averaging 143 boys—a good institution, but apparently managed by a desponding and over-anxious superintendent; the "*Akbar School Ship Reformatory*," with its 170 boys, of which Mr. Sydney Turner reports—"My inspection of this institution gave me unqualified satisfaction;" the reformatory at Redhill, numbering 292 boys—a well-supported and well-endowed institution, but by no means as successful in its working as it ought to be; and many other large institutions; yet there are a still greater number of small reformatories, which average some sixty, some forty-nine, and some as few as thirty-one, twenty-nine, and eighteen children. For the most part these small institutions are well managed, and the children kindly taken care of. And it is evident that, where the reformatory is limited to a small number, there can be more personal supervision, better knowledge of the inmates, and a more effectual interest in their welfare, than when the institution is on a very large scale. This may have something to do with the favourable results of the Protestant schools. And if it were possible for Catholics to multiply reforma-

tories in the same way as the others do, under efficient management and teaching, our average of "well doing" would be higher and our average of "unknown" would be considerably less. There are twelve dioceses in England, and as yet there are only four reformatories for boys. We may not want for our population so many as twelve, but we certainly require more than four. Catholics have, it is true, great demands upon their resources, and with less wealth they have more to do with it than their Protestant neighbours. They have no established Church supported for their use out of endowments once given for Catholic purposes. Their own ancient churches being now in the possession of others, they have to build new ones as their increasing necessities require. They have to educate the honest children of the Church, and if they do not put forth all their strength to do this now, the opportunity will soon pass by, and pass not quickly to return. They have numerous claims upon their zeal and charity which must take precedence even of the spiritual needs of the young vagrant population. And yet these are constantly crying to them with a very piteous cry. They appeal, *de profundis*, to our pity and commiseration. Entangled in the mazes of crime, the victims of a disordered condition of society, these young criminals possess within them the means of recovery so long as they have not wholly lost the faith. In the midst of their ignorant and neglected condition we recognise in them the character of Baptism, and we cannot allow those little ones to perish who, even in their degradation, have the seal of Christ upon their souls. Notwithstanding, therefore, that our hands are already filled with work, we must do all that in us lies to ameliorate the condition of those who are very often more sinned against than sinning. And it only wants personal exertion and personal sacrifice both to extend the beneficial influences of reformatories, to improve those that already are at work, and to remove all excuse for branding our institutions as less successful than those of the Protestants. Hitherto the danger among Catholics has been, not so much the want of zeal but the want of perseverance in zeal. We begin well, but soon grow weary.

Our ardour cools almost as soon as it has been excited. Our institutions languish for want of more efficient support, and our sympathies, instead of becoming wider and broader with the spread of religion and with the higher needs of the Church, have, unfortunately, too great a tendency to contract and become narrow. There is a magnificent work ready at hand on all sides around us at the present day, if only we Catholics have hearts large enough to devote ourselves to it. *Speriamo.*

It cannot, therefore, be denied that the Protestants possess a serious advantage over us, in that they have a large number of well-conducted, well-supported, small reformatories, and in that they have plenty of means wherewith to support them. They have a wealthy nation at their back, and they readily attract its sympathy and assistance.

3. But, in possessing the sympathy and support of the nation at large, the Protestants enjoy another advantage of great importance to the managers of institutions for the reforming of young criminals. When the Inspector looks grave at the number of "unknowns" in the returns of the discharged children, it would be only fair to remember the great difficulty of finding situations fitted for them. Where the Protestants can find ten situations, Catholics can scarcely get one. Few, as a rule, like to have young servants or labourers who have spent some years as inmates of reformatories. And if it be, ordinarily speaking, difficult for a respectable and upright young Catholic to find suitable employment as a servant or farm labourer on account of his religion, how much more difficult must it be, when the young person seeking employment is not only a Catholic, but a reformed criminal? More than half the houses in the land are shut against honest and well-conducted Catholics; how many are open to those whose antecedents are not encouraging, and whose religion is disliked and dreaded? So long as this state of things lasts it is to be feared that there will be a larger proportion of the "unknown" than we should wish to see. And for this reason we think it scarcely fair to lay it down as an inflexible law that the "unknown"

are necessarily the degraded and the lost. Many of the "unknown" are helped by their friends to emigrate to America, where they may succeed better than here. And is it not most probable that if these "unknown" continue to be criminals, they would, in time, become "known" again, either as returned inmates of the reformatory or as new arrivals at the gaols? We do not like to pit our conjectures against the experience of the Government Inspector, but, without doubt, it must be extremely difficult for the managers of reformatories to keep their eyes upon young reformed criminals whose parents and friends are constantly migrating from place to place, who are too poor to have any settled home, and who, if they wish to lead an honest life, are obliged to wander up and down the country in search of those few who will have the charity to give them employment—in spite, at once, of their religion and of their previous life. Yet, notwithstanding the social difficulties by which this class of Catholics is specially surrounded, the truth is that in England, though the percentage of the Catholic industrial school unknown is very great, that of the Catholic reformatories is actually *less* than the percentage of the Protestants, the former standing at 10, 5, and 6 per cent., the latter reaching as high as 11 and 17.4 per cent.

4. Nor do the separate notices of the Catholic reformatories given in the Government Report afford any grounds for the conclusion that they are, on the whole, less effective than the Protestant. The Brook Green reformatory is especially mentioned as being one of the most successful in the country, and shows from 70 to 75 per cent. as "doing well." "I found," says Mr. Sydney Turner, "143 boys in the school on the day of my visit. Brook Green has to deal with some of the most unruly and disorderly boys of the metropolis. Tact and experience have taught the authorities how to shape these materials into something like discipline and subjection. The boys looked healthy and contented, discipline and organization good. I received a good report as to general conduct. There had been no absconding, and very little serious insubordination. The classes were making satisfactory progress, and had been

well taught. Out of ninety-six boys discharged in 1866—1868, are doing well, sixty-nine; are unknown, two; have been reconvicted, twenty-four."

We think that the managers of Brook Green may fairly be complimented on their success in taming and civilizing "some of the most unruly and disorderly boys in the metropolis." Judging from the Inspector's published notes, it is better managed and more successful than either Redhill or the Home Reformatory at Wandsworth.

The reformatory at Market Weighton appeared at the Inspector's visit to be "working most satisfactorily. I found 217 boys in the school, and every indication of sound progress and steady improvement. There had been no death in the school for upwards of twelve months, and very little sickness of any kind. The boys passed a very fair examination. The proficiency of the first and second classes were highly creditable. All the classes, from lowest to highest, gave proof of careful and intelligent instructors and regular attendance. Very few of our schools could compete with Market Weighton in this respect, and I was not a little pleased with the ardour of the lads to do justice to the school. The industrial department is thoroughly carried out. Serious crimes and punishments had diminished. The manner of the boys was cheerful and respectful. They looked healthy and well cared for; and certainly I can but in justice say that nothing is left undone at this place to contribute to the success of the undertaking. The class of boys, however, with which the school has to deal, has been associated with the lowest orders of those who throng the bye-lanes of our large northern towns, and the experience of this school and that of all others is the same—that if boys return to the place from which they were taken, the best training in the world will not preserve many of them from further contamination and ultimate relapse."

These remarks fully bear out the correctness of our own view—namely, that in estimating the comparative results of various reformatories, we must before everything else take into account the class from which they are chiefly recruited, which in the case of the Catholic reformatories

is the actual criminal class, who are reclaimed with greater difficulty, involve a greater danger of reconvictions, and are likely to have a greater amount of "unknown" cases, than in those schools where the children are not so exclusively taken from the criminal ranks. Yet in this very reformatory at Market Weighton, considerably more than half of the boys discharged in 1866—1868 (132 in number) are doing well, only two are unknown, and there are forty-two recommitments, arising from the unfortunate circumstance that "the boys return to the place whence they were taken"—their homes.

Mount St. Bernard's Reformatory acquired a few years ago an unenviable notoriety. It was in such serious disorder that nothing but great forbearance on the part of the Inspector prevented its certificate from being withdrawn. It is still far from being in a satisfactory condition, either as regards the internal arrangements of the establishment or the educational status and training of the lower school. "A more careful and discriminating system of instruction," in the judgment of the Inspector, "is highly necessary." Yet in spite of some real defects, Mr. Turner testifies that "the school is making steady progress, and owes much to the thoughtful and vigilant attention of Mr. William Harper and other members of the committee." In this school, seventy-six out of 139 boys discharged in 1866—1868 are doing well, unknown fifteen, reconvicted thirty-four. The whole number in the reformatory is 281. If they be at all like those who preceded them, they must belong to a most refractory and dangerous class. Taking this into consideration, the number of reconvictions and of the "unknown" is not as high as might reasonably be expected.

We have nothing to say in favour of the Roman Catholic reformatory at Parkhead, Glasgow, if the Inspector's notice be accurate. The lads looked rough and dirty, and much in want of care and attention. "The beds and bedding were not in a satisfactory state, the dormitories not sufficiently ventilated." "Roughness" is very difficult of cure in any class of boys who have been allowed to become rough, and, though not actually a vice in itself, it invariably leads

to low tastes and so on to vicious habits. The first step towards the reformation of such lads, must be a process of rooting out, or keeping down, this "roughness;" and without good air, good food, and plenty of cold water, even this first step cannot be taken. This Parkhead reformatory is the only Catholic institution of which a favourable notice has not been given. And as we write in the interest of truth, and not of party, it would not be fair to slur it over.

There are two Roman Catholic reformatories for girls in England, exclusive of one just opened but not reported on, and one in Scotland. They are reported as being efficiently conducted. Of Arno's Court, the Inspector says, "My inspection of this reformatory gave me very great satisfaction. The health and appearance of the girls have both materially improved during the last two years. I found a great improvement in the educational condition of the girls." The premises of St. Joseph's Reformatory for girls, at Sheffield, are "in admirable order and well adapted in every respect for their purpose. The girls looked well, and reflected great credit on the management. The school is superintended by Miss Crawford, assisted by a staff of Sisters of Charity. The management of such a school could hardly be in better hands."

The Catholic industrial schools, still forming our opinion from the Inspector's report, do not appear to be as efficient and to have produced as favourable results as the reformatories. We suppose the reason to be, because many, if not most of them, are in a state of transition, new buildings being in course of erection and new teachers and new superintendents being engaged. There may be some lukewarmness on the part of the Catholic public in supporting these schools generously, but there does not appear to be any lack of zeal or devotion on the part of the managers. One of the most difficult schools to direct with success, on account of its being necessarily filled with the most untamed and wildest London Arabs, is the industrial school at Little Ilford. But the Inspector speaks most hopefully of the prospects of this school

"The director," he tells us, "Monsignor Searle, is bent upon progress and efficiency. In the school-room I found fifty boys in the first class. The boys displayed a very quick intelligence, and in the usual elementary branches showed that great pains had been taken, with satisfactory results. In the second class I found sixty-two boys, all well grounded. In the lower class, under the instruction of a female teacher, I found sixty children, most of them very young, remarkably well taught." There is a most creditable industrial school for boys at Beacon Lane, Liverpool, where no less than 160 little boys are under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and where they are well cared for, in good order, and not deficient in discipline or submission to rule. Up to a certain age, boys do well under female control. Their little hearts, we suppose, are touched by some feelings or reminiscences of maternal care and love. But the Inspector very properly doubts whether, as the boys grow older, they can be kept under the same excellent management. St. Elisabeth's Industrial School at Liverpool is also succeeding well. "The children looked clean, cheerful, and in excellent order." The same testimony is borne of the school for Roman Catholic girls at Falkner Street, Liverpool, where there are eighty-seven girls, who "looked well and gave every indication of superior training and kind and thoughtful management. The elder girls are trained for domestic service. The institution in this respect is represented as being very successful, and certainly nothing could exceed the method and orderly arrangement of detail throughout the house." At Ashton-under-Lyne there is an industrial school for Catholic boys, of which the Inspector writes — "The arrangement and management of the large day-schools carried on in the other portions of the premises gave me the greatest satisfaction. I have seldom seen so large a number of children in such good health, or so well organized and instructed." There are, however, a few schools the result of which are not as yet encouraging. St. Margaret's Home for Roman Catholic girls, Finchley, though well conducted, and though the children looked clean and healthy and had given evidence of sound and

systematic instruction, reports only four girls doing well out of thirty-seven discharged. But then the girls that would be sent to such a school as this are London girls, neglected and untaught, wild and vicious, and accustomed from their earliest years to the unbridled license and the rude language of the London streets. And in all probability, a similar reason may be given for the ill success of the industrial school for Roman Catholic boys and girls, Abercromby Street, Glasgow, though in this case we are bound to admit that the boys' school is not efficient. The result, as yet, is deplorable; for out of fifty-five boys discharged in 1866—1868, two are doing well, the remaining fifty-three are returned as "unknown." The girls' department is more efficient, and the results are, consequently, somewhat better. "Thirty girls were discharged in 1866—1868. Twenty are doing well, eight unknown."

III. We have been careful to state fairly all that appears in the Report before us to tell against the Catholic reformatories and industrial schools, in order that it may be seen that our judgment is not warped by any "party" feeling. But conceding whatever may be justly urged to the disadvantage of these institutions, we still come to the conclusion that the Catholic reformatories and industrial schools, with the exceptions noticed, do their work well, are conscientiously managed, and, so far as the reformatory schools are concerned, are able to point to results in every way satisfactory. The apparent disparity between their results and those of the Protestant schools are only *results on paper*, which, when tested (1.) by the difference of class in Protestant and in Catholic reformatories, (2.) by the difficulty of providing in a Protestant country suitable situations for Catholic reformatory children, and (3.) by the wealth and resources of the former, and the money pressure of the latter—are found really to tell in favour of the Catholic institutions and not, in any way, against them. And there can be no doubt that in proportion as the means of employment become more ample, and as the general Catholic public take a more earnest and practical interest in the rescue of our vagabond and Arab children, the tact and experience which the managers of

such institutions have already acquired will enable them both to correct whatever may still be defective in the management of these schools, and to secure for the future a richer harvest of happy results. Catholics have every reason to be satisfied with such reformatories as Market Weigh-ton and Brook Green; and it is quite useless to contrast Protestant with Catholic institutions to the disadvantage of the latter, until the Protestants, with scanty means, in a country hostile to their religion, and with the wildest and most untrained class, can point to any work as patiently carried on and as successfully conducted as either of these Catholic institutions. We have said all this, not being blind to certain tendencies on our own side which interfere in no small way with the success of any attempt either at education or at reformation. We have hinted at some of these already in the course of this article, and if we sum them up here in conclusion, it is not because we wish to acquire the reputation of being "croakers," but because an honest insight into the true state of the case is an indispensable preliminary to any solid improvement and advance.

1. No one can tell how much harm is done by what we may call the *fitfulness* of Catholic charity. It is not only that an astonishing variety of schemes are set on foot from time to time, which, having no more solid foundation than irregular zeal can give, either quickly come to an end, or slowly drag on a maimed and dwarfed existence, but this fitfulness, being in fact one form of religious excitement, indisposes those who are influenced by it to steady, quiet, and solid work. What Mr. Dickens wrote of the charitable enterprises of various Protestant associations, finds from time to time a parallel even within the Church. And it does us more harm than it can do them, because they have men and money which they can afford to waste. We, on the other hand, cannot husband these resources too carefully. Like the French at the present moment, we have need to concentrate our forces, and to employ them to the best advantage. Whereas this religious fitfulness or excitement causes us to expose a weak front to the enemy, while we are skirmishing

brilliantly here and there and everywhere, beginning without thought, and ending without gain.

2. Next to this fitfulness and inconstancy, the tendency to undervalue education does the most harm. The class of persons is almost gone by who used to think it a mistake to give any training or education to the children of the poor, whether honest or vagrant, and who used to say, especially of the boys, that nothing was to be gained by looking after them, because they were sure eventually to go wrong. You could not improve them. But there are some remnants of this phase of thought still lingering amongst us, and of course the damper which it throws upon all efforts to benefit either honest or vagrant children has the effect of making its own gloomy predictions sometimes come true.

3. But, perhaps, the greatest discouragement to successfully dealing with the young, especially of the poorer classes, is the notion, even still very prevalent, that once boys or girls are put out into situations you have done with them. They are able to provide for themselves; they want no more care. It is this notion which, if acted upon—and we fear it *is* too much acted upon—will swell considerably the amount of the “unknown” and the number of the “reconvicted” in reformatory and industrial school returns. And yet the very contrary is the truth. So long as these and such-like children are under the care and discipline of the school they are comparatively safe, and want no more than the ordinary school control and superintendence; but it is when they emerge from school restraints into a wider sphere that the need of care, vigilance, counsel, and control is really felt. If we lose too many of our young men and women amid the temptations of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, it cannot be doubted that one cause, at least, of this constant waste and loss arises from the fact that they are too much left to themselves, that they are practically without guidance, and that they are “unknown” in quarters where even they ought to be best known.

4. Experience and necessity will correct the only other mistaken notion which we shall mention. People are being

gradually cured of the idea that you can train, teach, and guard a large number of boys or girls, of whatever class, with the sole aid of a matron or a master. No doubt you can herd a number of children in a large house, and let them be provided for anyhow by a retired soldier and his wife. But the question is, Will you do them much good? How can their morals be protected? How can their persons be kept clean? How can better habits be formed? What about their ordinary instruction? The thing, in truth, cannot be done. The attempt must come to grief; and we have noticed in the Government Report of the industrial schools, that in almost every case where the school was inefficient, and the children disorderly, the primary cause lay in the want of a proper staff. When you go in for education or reformation, or both, you go in for a very expensive and very arduous undertaking, to whatever rank of life you apply yourself. But your only chance is to do it well. You may, indeed, do it "cheap and nasty," but what is "cheap and nasty" is always unfit for use. Your only prospect of solid success lies in your doing it as carefully and as thoroughly as possible. This will cost you something in money, and more in thought and labour; but your consolation will be, that, cost what it may, it will be cheaper in the end to effect a permanent reformation of the wild Arabs of our large towns, to give a civilized bearing and education to the honest children of the poor, to train them to habits of self-control, to give them a taste for industry, and to open to them a useful and honourable career in a country where a man's own good conduct and ability is his best passport to a creditable subsistence—than, by either neglecting them altogether, or by doling out to them an inadequate and niggardly assistance, to condemn them to remain rough, ignorant, idle, and dissolute, a dishonour to the Church, and a danger to society.

W. G. T.

More about the Passion-Spiel.

[The historian who may have to record the outbreak and course of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, will probably never think it worth his while to mention the significant and characteristic fact, that the declaration of hostilities put an end to the representations of the decennial Passion-Spiel at Ober-Ammergau, many of the peasants who were representing the principal parts having been summoned to join the Bavarian Army of Reserve. We call this a significant and characteristic fact, because it illustrates the operation of that great plague of modern Europe, the conscription, on the lives and employment of the simple mountain peasants of a country which has no concern whatever in the ostensible cause of the warfare which has already desolated so many Christian homes, and sent so many thousands of our fellow-beings to stand of a sudden before the throne of the great Judge. It carries on our thoughts to the consideration of what war is, and what national passions are, and of the manner in which the greatest hardships which they inflict on mankind are often borne by the most innocent. But such reflections will hardly occur to the philosophic historian. He will be occupied with manœuvres and generalship—or the absence of generalship—with the relative merits of the needle-gun and the Chassepot, of the Prussian and French “infernal machines,” and with the political complications and diplomatic revelations which have accompanied the great prize-fight for the championship of Europe. And perhaps the hundreds of travellers who have been disappointed in their intention of witnessing some of the later representations of the scene on Calvary, will soon forget, in the excitement or sorrows of a period of warfare, that they ever thought of a pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau. So much has been written on the subject, that some apology is needed for returning to it. But the following pages (written early in the summer) contain some details as to the origin and manner of preparation for the performance which have not been brought together elsewhere, and we are glad to put them before our readers before all interest in the matter has died away. Who, indeed, can tell what may be the state of Ober-Ammergau before the next ten years have passed over us?]

CONSIDERING the history of the past decade, it was not without some misgiving that we heard last spring of the announcement that the usual decennial representation of the Passion would take place at Ober-Ammergau. Ten years is, no doubt, to many a long span. In the life of an individual it is full of outer and inner changes; developing youth into manhood, and manhood later into old age; turning freshness into satiety, and satiety again as often into discontent—still in the life of a nation it has, until now, been but like the lapse of a moment. The last ten or

twenty years, however, have formed, as every one knows, a remarkable exception to all ordinary rules. In Germany especially they have brought forth a greater convulsion of "ideas" than has ever occurred before. Larger territorial alterations perhaps took place after the wars of the First Napoleon, but the people remained the same, and it never seemed to strike them that their habits of thought and daily life were not the perfection of existence. A doubt was now and then feebly expressed by some wild student, or some learned professor, at one of their countless Universities, but the boyish freaks of the one, and the isolation from society of the other, deprived them of all weight with their fellow-countrymen. Very different is it now, as the merest tourist can observe—if only by the publications sold freely at every railway-station, infusing poison in every word, scoffing at all that is most sacred, and often lowering the human mind to its basest level. The stream of corruption has penetrated even into "devout Austria," where, although the women and peasantry still make pilgrimages to Mariazell and delight in Church ceremonies, the townspeople look on with indifference, if not contempt, while the young men talk glibly and with supercilious Voltairianism of the destruction of all early libraries and manuscripts, and their consequent conviction that the Bible is a pure invention of priests and monks, made expressly to impose on weak and simple minds. *They* are superior to such deceit, and can in no way allow it to regulate their lives and principles. We well remember the melancholy impression caused us about a year and a half ago by visits paid at Vienna and its environs, when we had frequent opportunities of conversing with various classes of society, and this destructive, scoffing tone of mind has there been ever since rapidly and steadily on the increase.

The relation which an individual bears to a nation, may be considered to be that of a mountain village to its special country, particularly nowadays, when our railroads and telegraphs bring the most remote corners under the immediate influence of the capital. No wonder, therefore, that we should tremble for Ober-Ammergau. Our fears, too, were excited by various disadvantageous rumours circulating early in the year. Some said that political allusions, and even the German religious opinions of the day, had been introduced into the text this time. At Florence the representation was spoken of as a mere financial speculation on the part of the villagers; and even at Innsbruck the same assertion was made to us by a tradesman, one who evidently considered himself above the vulgar super-

stitutions of the past, and who volunteered the same statement with regard to other religious representations lately revived in the Tyrol, which he assured us would be often repeated, on account of the large profits derived from them by the performers.

All this was disheartening, for it might easily be true—it was only in the natural course of things; and Innsbruck was, after all, so near the fountain-head, that it seemed difficult any longer to doubt. Still, determined to see with our own eyes and hear with our own ears, we started across the mountain-road to Ammergau; and now, after a stay of two days, judging in everything for ourselves, we rejoice to say that we have left it more deeply impressed than it is possible to describe, convinced that its fine old spirit is unchanged, and that all who can ought to see it at least once, if not oftener, in their lives.

Ober-Ammergau, but above all its Passion-Play, is still a phenomenon in the world; more marvellous under every aspect in 1870 than in 1860; remarkable now as then for being a work of high art; but far more remarkable for still being so pure in its faith and so reverential in its performance, so sublime, dignified, and holy; in short, springing from a truly Christian spirit, and therefore touching chords in every Christian heart, that vibrate and re-echo long after the occasion which gave them rise has passed away. We admit that this is most difficult of belief without having seen it. We ourselves felt an aversion to the idea of such a sacred subject being thus treated, and undertook the journey solely on the faith of others who had been there in former years; and finding it hard, even then, unreservedly to accept such explanation in this age of selfishness and cynicism, we took particular pains during the two days of our stay to converse with the villagers and performers, and to note in every circumstance their habits and mode of life. The result is this deep conviction, that religion of the highest kind is the sole and simple moving power of this wonderful performance—making what might otherwise be profane, edifying and impressive; sending away the scoffers, who are often present, silenced and thoughtful, the indifferent roused to reflection, and even the most pious with a feeling as if they never before had so truly realized the life and sufferings of our Divine Lord. The truth is, that the whole community is deeply penetrated with a simple, tender piety, which permeates their whole existence. This special act they regard purely as the fulfilment of a vow, in which every member, even to the smallest child, is bound by duty to aid and assist, and to which their best energies must be devoted and

their private interests or wishes be always made subservient. All the rumours we had heard proved false. There never had been the slightest intention of making any change in the text. The nature of the accommodation for strangers had continued unaltered, and is still of a rude, though clean, description. If the world comes to see them, good and well; but whether or not, the same disinterestedness would be displayed, and their Play would be equally the same under every circumstance. Such has always been the spirit and solution of the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play, and by this light alone can it be read. What it was in 1840, when so eloquently described by Guido Görres, the well known Catholic writer of Munich, and Emil Devrient, the celebrated actor of his day, such it was in 1850 and 1860, and now again, we rejoice to say, in this "enlightened" summer of 1870. Let us hope, therefore, that having lived through so many storms, it may continue to live on, and, retaining the same spirit, remain as a resting-place and retreat in many coming decades to jaded and disheartened souls.

Few there are who have not read about the mysteries of the middle ages—religious plays, acted with the sanction of the Church, which used them as one of its many methods for instructing the faithful. Subjects chosen from the Old and New Testament, lives of the saints, but, above all, the life and Passion of our Lord, were dramatized by the priests, and acted either in the churches, churchyards, or some other consecrated spot. The clergy themselves often took part in them, performing the more sacred characters—such as our Lord, the Apostles and saints—while their flocks acted the other portions, appearing in large numbers on the stage. Many such plays are still extant, but after the Reformation they gradually disappeared from the towns of Europe. It is said that Luther did not discourage them; on the contrary, he is reported to have stated as his opinion, that "such spectacles often do more good and produce more impression than sermons." Still, they seemed to take refuge in mountain districts, and remnants may still be found, for instance, in the Pyrenees, where it is not uncommon to see the life of a saint acted at the festival of a village patron. We have heard from one friend that she found even the priests taking part in scenes from the life of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, when she happened to pass through a town near the Spanish frontier. In Styria, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, however, these plays found a more congenial home amongst the untainted and devout mountaineers, until towards the end of the last

century, when the anti-religious and scoffing influence of that time seems to have affected even these pious regions. At least, we find all such representations forbidden by a high ecclesiastical authority in the south of Germany, the Archbishop of Salzburg, who in 1779 issued a prohibition for his district, "on account of the bad acting and the consequent disedification such exhibitions had caused." In 1802 followed the secularization of the Bavarian monastic institutions, and amongst other edicts the authorities at Munich published one ordering the suppression of all Passion-Plays throughout the kingdom, giving as a reason, "that the people should not be kept by them from work and other business, or led astray into habits of idleness."

Amongst these village performances, that of Ammergau had always been pre-eminent, particularly as it had a special origin, and one which its people had taken deeply to heart. The story is that, in 1631, in the train of the Thirty Years' War, came famine and pestilence; and want spread through the hills and valleys of all this country. The plague raged with violence at Partenkirchen, and Eschelohe, and particularly at Kohlgrub, nine miles from Ammergau, which place was so decimated, that at the end of two years only three married couples were left alive. The Ammergauers, however, kept such a strict cordon round their village, that up to 1633 no case of sickness had yet occurred. Feeling a returning sense of security, they determined in that year again to celebrate their Church festival. But the hour of trial was now to come. On the eve of the feast, a labouring man who was employed on the distant hills, wishing to return home to see his wife and children, took advantage of the festival, and passed into Ammergau by a pathway that had that night been left unguarded. Next morning, history relates, saw him a corpse, having brought with him the seeds of the disease, and, the infection spreading rapidly, before thirty-five days expired, eighty-four persons died of the plague. Hereupon, it was proposed to propitiate heaven, and ten or twelve of the chief villagers assembling, made a vow that they and their descendants should henceforward perform the Passion of our Lord, through gratitude if the plague should cease, for their own improvement and the edification of all beholders. From that hour, no single new case of sickness took place, and those who lay ill recovered rapidly. Through every difficulty the villagers have kept this vow, and it is considered as binding now as on the first day when their forefathers swore it. The only difference is, that at first it was performed every year until 1680, but, for reasons which do not

appear, it was then determined to celebrate it only in every tenth year. In 1780, they obtained a special privilege for this ten yearly performance from the Elector of Bavaria, which no doubt saved them from the influence of the Archbishop's prohibition, and they seem to have had no trouble until the edict of 1802, that apparently threatened them with a death-blow. Determined, however, to overcome all difficulties, as they now proudly tell you, a deputation of the chief villagers went to Munich in 1810, to seek exemption for this performance. The Church Commissioners, however, repulsed them rudely, desiring them to return to Ammergau and attend the sermons in their parish church instead of attempting to act such a subject. But they were not to be so lightly diverted from their beloved vow, and resolved not to give up hope until they had exhausted all appeal. In this dilemma an unexpected friend appeared in the person of Dr. Sambuga, religious teacher to the then Crown Prince (afterwards Ludwig I.) and the royal children. Entering warmly into their feelings, he pleaded their cause so successfully with the King that they returned home with the royal sanction, which no Ecclesiastical Commission was enabled to gainsay. To this man, therefore, we may be said to owe the preservation of what Emil Devrient justly styles, "this precious relic of mediæval Germany, guarded by the strength of a common bond of a pious, simple, and modest spirit."

And with this exemption from the general prohibition a new era commences in Ammergau. Hitherto the text was in such old language as often to be incomprehensible, and many of the allegories were not in the best or purest taste. It was now determined to remodel the whole, without, however, departing from the original plan. Fortunately a master-mind was at hand, who understood how to combine and originate, and succeeded in producing what at present excites our admiration, and, I may say, gratitude. In the valley next to Ammergau, divided from it only by the high wall of mountain between, stands the beautiful old monastery of Ettal, the abode of the Benedictines, and consequently of learning, from its foundation in 1330 by Ludwig of Bavaria to 1802, the period of the general suppression. Doubtless its vicinity had always exercised a pious influence on Ammergau, and even now, after its suppression, the same spirit came to its aid. The monks had been driven away with the exception of a Dr. Ottmar Weiss, who had been allowed to continue in his former cell, under the name and title of parish priest. To him the villagers now appealed, and he as instantly undertook the

task. The Play was acted in the following year, 1811. To him are attributed the chorus and tableaux as now performed, with many additional scenes, such as the entry into Jerusalem; and, also, the suppression of various personifications objected to, as for instance, ghosts and evil spirits, the devil especially, who until then was seen in *propria persona*, whispering into Judas' ear, dancing round him with delight when he consented to betray our Lord, and, finally, carrying off his soul in triumph into hell.

Still, it does not appear that he derived the idea of the chorus from the Greek tragedy. As a learned, educated man, he had doubtless studied and appreciated it, but the germ existed for more than a century in the Ammergau Play itself, and he therefore can be said only to have amplified and perfected it. The suggestion, however, came, like all other improvements, from Ettal. A German writer tells us, that no trace of such an idea was contained in the original and only text known, that of 1662. The action then was continuous, divided into seven or eight parts by pauses filled up by orchestral music, and ending with the descent of the Holy Ghost. In 1680 this text was reformed, but 1700 makes a far greater step in advance. Then came the first indication of what has since expanded to such perfection. A "genius," or argumentator, as some called it, coming forward to speak the prologue, remained on the stage, explaining in and about all the most important scenes. Ultimately, in 1750, another of the Ettal brethren, a clever dramatist, again rearranged the text. The one genius or augmentator developed under his hands into a leading "guardian spirit," accompanied by six others carrying the instruments of the Passion—the nails, thorns, sponge, and spear. Tableaux are also mentioned for the first time, eighteen being introduced by him.

Thus we see the groundwork existing for Dr. Ottmar Weiss' arrangement. Fortunately he also found a clever auxiliary in a branch which hitherto seemed to fail, that of music. Herr Dedler, the village music-master, thoroughly seizing Weiss' conception of the chorus, composed chants suited to the capacity of his scholars, and yet so simple and solemn that, with the exception of a few weak portions, we think they could scarcely be improved. The six or seven guardian spirits increased to twenty, who preface each scene by a short prologue or chant, explaining the connection between the types from the Old Testament, exhibited in the tableaux, and the history of the redemption, which show their fulfilment. And in this state we may fairly say that it has since remained; for although Dr. Weiss left behind him an enthusiastic

pupil in the late parish priest of Ammergau, Herr Daisenberger, who again retouched the text in 1860, he cannot be said to have in any way altered it, merely purifying the German, too apt to glide into *patois*, and especially the words of the chorus, now full of dignity and pathos.

All this is easily conceivable, but the extraordinary fact consists in a work of such high art being so wonderfully interpreted by what to all appearance are a set of rude mountaineers. But this is only in outward appearance, for the inhabitants of Ammergau are known to be peculiarly gifted. Their traditional occupation for centuries past has been of an elevating nature, and disposed their minds to cultivation and refinement. Though secluded and cut off from various high-roads of modern days, its historian (for it could not be without one) tells us, that in its early days it was of importance as a station for merchandise between Vienna, Augsburg, and Nürnberg. In course of time, and no doubt wisely, as any one will agree who has encountered the steep hill of Ettal, the carriers chose the more level road by Partenkirchen and Murnau, leaving the Ammergauers suddenly without employment. It is supposed that then they turned to wood-carving, instructed by the neighbouring monks, who certainly carried the art to other of their monasteries, affiliated to Ettal. In any case, it is beyond doubt that the shrine of Ettal, visited from remote times by countless pilgrims, supplied a ready market for their carvings, and gave them at once a religious aim. Ammergau *schneitzwaaren*, or carvings, have always had a widespread fame, but with the exception of a few toys and *alpenjäger*s, crucifixes and holy subjects have been their exclusive objects. The entire village, containing thirteen hundred inhabitants, is engaged in this business, and it is said to be a pretty sight on a summer's day to see even the old women and children painting the toys or finishing the crosses, sitting outside the cottage doors. To these people the Passion, with all its incidents, grows up with their very being, the artistic feeling helping on the religious, and the religious reacting on the artistic. The subjects range from the smallest crucifix to groups of the Descent from the Cross, and Leonardi da Vinci's Last Supper is rendered with the truest sentiments of piety and art. On this congenial soil then fell the Weiss-Dedler joint production, and the Ammergauers now devoted all their energies to prove themselves worthy of it. The Passion-Play had always been their duty, but henceforward it became their pride and duty together. All the events of the community are counted by the Passion-year. It forms the basis of all their

actions, and their highest ambition is to be thought worthy of performing some of the principal characters.

The intervals of the ten years are periods of preparation and selection. Their talents are not allowed to rust, nor is the appointment of parts left to chance; still, the Passion itself is, wisely, not repeated until the decade itself returns. The dramatic vein itself is nourished by "Exercise Plays," generally on devout subjects chosen, as of old, from some life of a saint, or else some incident of national history, almost always composed by the parish priest, Herr Daisenberger, a man of refined mind and education. These performances take place every winter in a hall of the inn, and we can easily imagine what a welcome and wholesome relief they afford during the severe and tedious climate of this mountain corner, and how familiar the capabilities and qualities of each performer speedily become to his fellow-villagers. When the eventful period comes round the matter is taken up more solemnly.

This time, as described to us by a local authority, the preliminaries commenced, as on former occasions, during Christmas week. A solemn parochial High Mass was sung on St. John's day, attended by all the villagers, when the parish priest introduced the matter by a sermon after the first Gospel. He reminded them of their vow, of the devout spirit they should bring to the proceedings, especially in the selection of the actors, and how they should constantly bear in mind that the performance was intended as an act of gratitude to heaven, and for their improvement, as well as for the edification and piety of all who might come to behold it; in short, repeating almost the very words which their forefathers had originally used. "This should be their sole aim, and in this spirit alone should it be undertaken and carried out." Mass over, they adjourned to the hall of meeting, and then a committee of management was elected consisting of forty of the chief villagers; on them falls the onus of choosing the candidates, these are again referred to a sub-committee of three, called the Committee of Morals, and having passed this, the decision is final.

The most important part, of course, is that of our Divine Lord, the one most difficult and most painful to undertake, but the one which is hoped for and received as the highest honour of a man's life. No one thinks of offering himself as a candidate—this would be considered irreverent—he awaits the honour from the hands of the commune; so that the solemnity of the proceeding is not disturbed by unseemly canvassing or unbecoming self-

laudation. It is, however, always known who aspires to the distinction. Many qualifications are necessary—the two principal being, first, general good conduct, and then that of age, from thirty to thirty-five being the fitting time. The latter reason alone sufficiently explains how it happens that the same individual rarely acts this part twice, whilst the others appear and reappear so long as their strength lasts. This year three were proposed, but the present performer obtained thirty out of the forty votes to be given, and the second named was chosen to represent Joseph of Arimathea instead.

The wisdom of the committee's choice has so far been always highly applauded, and as we may see by the criticisms on the different selections of 1840, 1850, and 1860, and this time, we can judge for ourselves that nothing can exceed the dignity and yet modesty with which the present performer sustains this most trying part. The choice of this year fell on Joseph Mayer, a young man of thirty, an humble carver—humble even in his walk of life—poor and unconnected with the more patrician families of the village. But he was tall and well-made, possessing a mild and thoughtful countenance, supposed to resemble the traditional type of our Divine Model, and above all, was known for his good and exemplary conduct. We saw him several times in private, and were much impressed with his retiring manner and the seriousness which he evinced when questioned about his part, as if it were irreverent to make it a subject of light and casual conversation. Having heard that he suffered considerably from the extension on the cross we inquired if this were true, but whilst unable to deny the fact, he glanced at it slightly, answering at once that “the honour was great—the greatest he could have hoped for;” pain or fatigue was evidently of no account.* We then asked how he had been able to master the difficulties, inquiring who had been his instructor? “None,” he replied, “but the parish priest;” and for all else, he had “tried to study the life of our Lord, and to penetrate himself with His thoughts and feelings, for how otherwise could any man attempt, even in the humblest way, to represent Him?” And such must truly have been the guiding spirit of both rehearsals and performance, one which brings with it its own reward.

In the same manner are all the other parts assigned, one after the other. No one dreams of refusing; an Ammergau would be despised, and would despise himself if he thought of doing so,

* Since the above was written we have seen the very same words recorded of him by a correspondent in the *Times*.

and the choice is based solely on the suitability and respective talents of each individual. We had heard that the selections were regulated by the higher or lower moral reputation of every one, so that such characters as Judas and Caiaphas, for example, were given to the least worthy members of the community. But this, like so many other tales, proved untrue. On the contrary, we found that Judas had been undertaken on the last two occasions by one of the most honourable and respected of the villagers, the one who takes most interest in the performance, and whose advice is most sought for in all the preliminary preparations. Every one in Ammergau is well aware that this part requires more dramatic power than any of the others, except that of our Lord, and that the best actor, in our ordinary acceptance of the term, is in consequence requested to perform it. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of the suppression of all *amour propre* than the hitherto ready acceptance of the odious task—for odious it is, and is felt to be, by the actor himself. He perfectly understands that, despite all knowledge of his private worth, the audience is so roused into a feeling of reality, that Judas never appears without exciting signs of disapprobation; in fact, it is the only moment when they allow themselves any manifestation of hatred or dislike, and even the most educated minds are conscious of an instinctive shudder whenever he is seen following our Divine Lord. And yet no one has ever shrunk from making this personal sacrifice for the common good.

If on the last occasion, parts have been well sustained, and the actors still survive in strength and vigour, the same are often reassigned to them, as in the case of St. Peter, Pilate, and others, who were the same in 1860 as in the present year. But had any failure then been noticed, an alteration would have been made without reference to private sentiment; improvement, nay, perfection if attainable, being their only rule and law. Thus the St. John of 1860 was considered too tall and old for the loving young disciple, and a fair-haired youth of middle stature and mild countenance is now the more fitting representative.

The selection of the female characters seems to create the greatest difficulty, especially as it is not customary, or according to tradition, to choose married women for the principal parts. Moreover, the feminine charms of fair complexions and sweet voice are less likely of development in a village than the more manly qualities necessary for the male characters. And in this portion of the cast the shortcomings are, in consequence, more perceptible. The open-air nature of the theatre, besides, tests

the weakness of their voices, which amongst the German female population are almost invariably shrill and unmusical, and in the effort to speak louder sound either thin or grating. The Blessed Virgin is said to be better than in 1860, and certainly, at times, had much dignity and pathos, but still she is too young and expressionless to do justice to the sorrowful but resigned Mother. Better, however, is she than the Magdalen, whose short clumsy figure and coarse voice constantly jarred on our ideal of the meek and loving penitent. Still these are only specks on the sun and not attributable to any negligence on the side of the committee. On the contrary, so zealous are they, that an anecdote regarding the leading soprano in their chorus is proof of their ardour and determination to omit nothing in order to make the cast perfect.

This good singer is a very young girl, daughter of a carver, and her fine fresh voice had been duly noticed and recorded during the last ten years. Suddenly, to the dismay of her fellow-villagers, she lately determined to become a nun, choosing a Franciscan convent at Augsburg for her retreat from the world. When this Passion-year and the distribution of parts arrived, it was seen that her voice could not be replaced, and then arose consternation; for no foreigner, none but the natives of Ammergau, can ever be permitted to share in the performance. However, she had entered the convent only a very short time, and had taken neither vows nor veil, so a deputation started at once for Augsburg, to request her, in the name of the committee, to return to them for this summer, and to take her place in the fulfilment of their vow, as leader of the soprani. As might have been expected, she was deaf to their entreaty, urging her vocation to the cloister as superior to all other, and the Reverend Mother of the convent refused to force her against her own will. Still resolved, Ammergau sent a second deputation, but with equally vain result. At last, bent on trying every persuasion, in the true spirit of their ancestors, a third embassy started for the convent, headed by the father of the obstinate soprano, and then alone both she and her Mother Abbess found it impossible any longer to refuse. She returned with her father to the village, and her clear voice rings forth above the others on every Sunday this summer, to go back at the end of the season to her chosen cloister, far from her native hills.

Many other instances could be cited, showing how thoroughly this devotion to their Play is second nature to these villagers, and to account for what we believe renders it impossible of imitation, except in a most feeble and meagre way. One of the

false reports told as proof that the Ammergauers had completely lost their old feeling, was the assertion that they now go about the Tyrol acting the Passion like common players in the different villages. The only vestige of truth in this matter was simply the presence of some Ammergauers as spectators at another place, but they indignantly repudiated the notion of their lowering the sanctity of their vow by making use of any talent or knowledge acquired by acting it for any other purpose. Ready to praise their neighbours, "though their performance can never equal that of Ammergau," they told us that it had been fairly done by them, notwithstanding that the chorus was only spoken by a set of school-children and the tableaux were total failures. Such jealous watch does Ammergau hold over its precious treasure that the text of the Play and the music are not allowed to be printed. Manuscript copies alone are kept for the use of the performers, and it is a point of honour amongst these never to betray them to a stranger. Moreover, if any one in the audience is observed taking notes, he is quietly but firmly made to desist. The text of the choruses only is printed and sold, so that the order of the arrangements and the words of the hymns are known to all.

But even these MS. copies are scarcely needed for the actors. Those who have played the same parts before know them by heart, and all the others have been listening to and sharing in some portion of the drama from their earliest childhood. Children of all ages appear in the processions and tableaux; babies, we may say, of two or three years old, are common figures in the latter, and always form the most perfect models of stillness and immobility. We all have seen, at some one time or another, on the stage and in private theatricals, the immense difficulties undergone by managers in getting even a moderate number of the best-trained artists to combine peacefully and gracefully; and as to time—one, or two minutes at the utmost, is considered the longest limit of endurance in a tableau. Here, we held our watches for each one, and the majority lasted three or four minutes. That of the manna falling in the wilderness, when nearly two hundred appear on the stage, continued for four minutes, and one little creature not three years old remained immoveable, with upturned eyes, right in the front of the picture during the whole time. But it gives a false impression to speak of a manager, for there is no such person in our conception of the word. No such individual exists, simply because the spirit of the community is one and no arbitrary rule is required. One or two of the elderly men have much influence, from their superior knowledge and long training,

and chiefly direct the tableaux. Others have various posts assigned to them; the theatre, dresses—everything is made in the village, and, in fact, every soul in the place has some hand or part in the performance, so that all are more or less in requisition, except the few women left at home to mind the houses. To manage such a multitude would be almost impossible if it could not manage itself. On the days of the performances placards are posted behind the scenery, with the hours of each scene or tableau, and the names of each one required therein, so that every one knows the exact moment he or she may be required, and there is no need of their appearing or remaining one minute longer. Thus overcrowding is avoided and order easily maintained. If any special advice be needed the parish priest is then consulted. In fact, he attends the rehearsals, and takes a most lively interest in the whole. The present priest, Herr Müller, has only been one year and a half in Ammergau, and had not even seen the Passion-Play before, so that his anxiety, as he told us, was naturally great looking forward to the responsibility. Fortunately, however, the former one, who had been the incumbent for twenty-four years, had only retired on a pension, and, still living at Ammergau, entered, as of old, heart and soul into the matter, assisting the present priest in every way. Thus, too, we may hope to see the train of tradition kept alive. Both agreed that no innovations should be made, and strenuously rejected the advice of foreign critics. One of these, for instance, recommended that the Blessed Virgin should faint more frequently. The priests, however, answered that the words of Scripture state simply that she “stood at the foot of the Cross,” and they could not approve of any theatrical rendering of her feelings. The curé told us of his nervousness when Easter approached, and when so few rehearsals had taken place, and said that he urged the committee to more exertion. They tried in vain to reassure him, but he soon perceived how useless his anxiety had been, for they all seemed to fall into their places as if by magic the first time, and no training appeared necessary. In fact, the weather had been so severe this spring that they could only have one rehearsal on the stage itself, and yet from the first nothing amiss has occurred.

In so far the reverential and united spirit of Ammergau itself has supplied all essential explanation of what would otherwise be inexplicable. But we must not overlook the character of the spectators, and the spirit they bring to the contemplation of this “mystery.” True it is that foreigners are increasing; German Princes and Counts, with English of every grade, are flocking

there. Still, as yet, these are not of the mere tourist class, and, in any case, their numbers are comparatively small. Many fear the corrupting influence of this summer especially, but what great evil can thirty or forty foreigners—not exceeding that number every Sunday, if so much—infuse into a mass of peasantry of which the weekly average is from six to seven thousand? They are, fortunately, lost in the crowd, and the nature of the accommodation is likely to prevent any sudden increase of numbers. Guide-books speak of several hotels, but these are mere taverns, where no lady and few gentlemen would care to stop, and the only other accommodation is in the private houses of the village. These are scrupulously clean, and the people most courteous; still, the arrangements are primitive, a ladder being often the only stairs to the sleeping apartments. So long as this continues Ammergau is safe, and we see little likelihood, happily, of modern improvements or large hotels. The ten-years' interval would be too unremunerative to repay any such change. The bulk of the audience, therefore, is composed of the mountaineers, true Tyrolese, known for ages as the most devout population of Europe.

Fortunately, our visit took place at Whitsuntide, when every place was more or less in festive mood. Hiring a carriage at Innsbruck, we started on Saturday—Whitsun eve—leaving the town at nine a.m. Nothing could be more beautiful than our road, up long and winding hills, snowy peaks towering above and deep valleys opening beneath, whilst sylvan glades bordered our way, as gentle and fresh as if borrowed from some nobleman's park in old England. The combination was enchanting. In whatever village we passed through, the women and children were busily engaged in decorating the graves in the churchyards with alpine roses and forget-me-nots, as if inviting even the dead to rejoice with them on this feast. Very striking was it, too, to notice the reverence with which our driver uncovered his head when passing the countless crucifixes erected by the way-side, and when walking up the hills he, and all others whom we met, stopped to pray at the small oratories, of which there are such numbers along the road. We may here remark that every inn in this district is fit to stop at, some more and some less, but Partenkirchen especially carries off the palm. Its situation, too, is lovely, and in the centre of beautiful excursions, so that it would be a good halting-place for any one wishing to stop from one Sunday to another, and thus see the Play a second time. It had been lovely weather for the past month, but on this day the clouds seemed lowering.

and towards evening a storm of thunder and lightning broke open the flood-gates of heaven. Various *contretems* occurred in consequence; so that, belated on the road, we entered Ammergau in heavy rain, long after the inhabitants had retired to rest. Had we not engaged apartments beforehand, we should have perhaps had to sleep in our carriage, so we resolved to warn all friends coming the same way, not to leave Innsbruck later than six or seven o'clock, a.m.

And thus ended the Passion-Play. It had lasted eight hours and a half, of which only one had been of rest, and the rain had fallen during nearly all the first part and often later. It made a fitting sombre background to the sad story, and though it sometimes poured unremittingly, so interested were the spectators that the multitude sitting exposed to its full force in the pit, including more than two-thirds, never stirred from their seats. This too without umbrellas—for when a few were raised at one moment a general outcry lowered them at once. The same endurance was displayed by the actors, who never flinched or paused even for the heaviest showers. No one seemed capable of bearing a pause, and, were it not for the absolute necessity of refreshments, even the one hour would have been objected to. It all had passed so quickly, and yet we had received impressions for a lifetime. Each of us felt as if we had never before rightly understood the Scriptures, or realized the depths and bitterness of our Lord's sufferings. How great must they have been to have broken down that fine form, which we saw entering in the freshness of health and vigour a little while before, and amongst the newest impressions were those of His youth and sadness. Many only think of Him as the "Man of Sorrows," He being exhausted on the Cross, whereas at three-and-thirty each one is in strength and pride of his manhood, as we had now seen Him. How often, too, in representations of the Entry into Jerusalem and the Last Supper, is He not painted with a joyous, radiant countenance? whereas here He wears the same melancholy face—melancholy from foreknowledge, anguish and pity, the sorrowful effect of which is heightened by a sad and almost plaintive voice from the very first, and which seems a far more truthful conception than any other. The continuity of the action, too, impresses one strongly with the contumely and hurrying to and fro to which our Lord was subjected, whilst His silence and unswerving meekness give the fullest idea of His utterly free and voluntary self-sacrifice, altogether realizing the words of the

Prophet—"He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." And these feelings deepen by reflection, remembering how exactly Scripture has been followed in every detail, but, above all, in the words spoken by our Lord, of which not a single one has been curtailed or added beyond the Gospel narrative. Moreover, the German was so pure and the utterance so distinct, that not a single word of that part was lost even at the greatest distance.

And with one common feeling prevailing this vast assemblage, we all now left the theatre. It was five o'clock as we passed homewards, and already the long file of departures along the different roads was extraordinary, many wishing to seek for quarters three or four hours distant.

Next morning we also bid adieu to Ammergau, casting a loving look towards the theatre as we went by, where they were again beginning the same performance for the two thousand spectators who had come too late for the one of yesterday. Who can tell whether they may live to return here in another ten years? but whatever may happen, we may also trust and pray that nothing may ever corrupt this fair village, nor diminish the simple pure faith of these honest mountaineers.

W. M. W.

[Since this article was in type, we have heard that it is intended at Ammergau to represent the Passion-Spiel next summer, in order to make up for the interruption in the present year. But who shall say that peace will be more secure next year than this?]

Our Library Table.

1. IN the palmy days of the *British Critic*, and therefore in that period of the Oxford movement when hope was still fresh and vigorous in the hearts of many of its followers that something might really be done to renovate and Catholicize the Establishment in which that movement had sprung up, Mr. Church wrote some remarkable articles on the life of St. Anselm. They showed great historical learning, much judgment and research, and a soberly exercised power of picturesque expression when it was needed for the narrative. These articles were republished, some years since, in a volume of miscellaneous essays by the same author. They have now been entirely recast, and the substance of them is embodied in the *Life of St. Anselm*, which forms the last-published volume of Messrs. Macmillan's "Sunday Library"—a collection to which we have often had to refer in terms of high praise, though there may be hardly one of its volumes to which, as Catholics, we can give an entirely unqualified approbation. Mr. Church's volume will certainly yield to none of its predecessors in respect either of matter or of form. The subject is deeply interesting, it has been well grasped from the point of view at which Mr. Church is placed, it has been fairly and conscientiously dealt with, in a style which leaves nothing to be desired either in force or grace. If we are about to find fault with Mr. Church on a particular though most important point—false views as to which must go far to impair, in any one whom they may infect, the power of perfectly understanding mediæval history, or indeed, Christian history altogether—it is not with any intention to depreciate his book as bad or unfair. Rather, it is because his book in no way deserves to be called bad, and can only be called unfair in a partial sense, and on account of misconceptions inevitable to his position, that we make the few remarks for which we have space on the point in question.

We have most of us laughed with the late Dr. Maitland at his exposure of some of the old absurdities about the dark ages, so often repeated by Protestant writers on the strength either of garbled quotations or their own obtuse ignorance, such as that about the sermon of St. Eloy, or the mules for whom the Emperor Henry made his friend the Bishop say Mass. Since that time many an error about the middle ages, and about monasticism in particular, has been exploded, and respectable writers no longer repeat many of these old libels. This process of rehabilitation has made progress since the time that Mr. Church first wrote about St. Anselm, but he was even then far too candid and too Catholic-minded a writer to indulge in the common

fashion of illiberal comment. But we are sorry to say that all misconception and false traditions have not yet been banished from even the higher range of Anglican historical literature. Mr. Freeman, a writer of whom Mr. Church speaks in terms of very high praise, which cannot be said to be in the main undeserved, has shown us, among other far more pleasant things, how much prejudice can still warp the judgment of authors whose first boast is that they are more liberal than their predecessors. Mr. Freeman cannot forgive the continence of St. Edward. On the somewhat kindred point of monasticism, Mr. Church appears to us to fall into an error which we hardly like to characterize as a simple prejudice, but which certainly has its roots in a very important misconception. In one thing, certainly, Mr. Church is superior to the writer whom we have just named—he does not write as if he had lost his temper on the point as to which he is, as we conceive, mistaken. The mistake we believe to be a common one: it is like many other mistakes, founded upon a bit of truth: and it is repeated by a number of writers, in whose hands it does duty, if we may say so, instead of the old gross falsehoods about the monastic state which were current before the days of Dr. Maitland's *Essays*. The old view was, that monks, and of course nuns also, were idle sluggards, ignorant, sensual, superstitious, bigoted, drones at the best, and very ordinarily much worse than drones, because vicious, avaricious, tyrannical, and immoral. Monasticism was bad, unnatural, and diabolical. Of course this picture would never stand the light of day. As soon as people began to look into history, it was found that monks were active men, the great and chief benefactors of human society, and that modern civilization, cultivation, literature, the fine and the useful arts, were under indelible and infinite obligations to these drones or worse than drones. The old phase of public opinion on the point has therefore given way altogether. Mr. Church represents the second phase, which we believe to be equally false and groundless in point of fact, and hardly less contrary to any right view of the religion of the Gospel. The old view considered religious life and the monastic system as founded on an entirely false conception of the meaning of certain Gospel truths, and, as to the question of fact, it misjudged those who had led monastic lives in the grossest and cruellest manner. The new view is at least inconsistent with any adequate understanding of the position which counsels of perfection hold in the Gospel scheme, and as to the question of fact, we believe it to be grounded on an assumption which condemns whole centuries of Church history and millions of Christians who may now be in heaven in a manner entirely unjustified by Christian history. We cannot do justice to the view with which we are dealing better than by giving it in the following long extract from Mr. Church's first chapter:—

For eighteen centuries Christianity has been acting on human society; we know but too well how far it is from having really made the world Christian; but though there must always be much question as to degree, no one can

seriously doubt that it has done a great deal. But for the first ten of those centuries it can hardly be said to have leavened society at all. Its influence on individuals, so vast and astonishing, was no measure at all of its influence on society at large. It acted upon it, doubtless, with enormous power; but it was an extraneous and foreign agent, which destroys and shapes, but does not mingle or renew. It turned the course of events, it changed worship, it built churches, it suppressed customs and institutions, it imposed punishments and penances, it affected language, it introduced powers, it revolutionized policy, it let loose eventful tendencies; but to the heart of society—to the common life of common men, the ideas, the moralities, the instincts, the assumptions reigning in business or intercourse in the general direction of human activity, to the unpretending, the never-ceasing occupations of family life—the awful visitant from on high, which had conquered an empire and put a bridle into the mouth of barbarians, and transformed, one by one, sinners into saints, had not yet found its way. That ordinary daily routine of life, in which we have learned to see one of its noblest and most adequate spheres, seemed then beneath its notice or out of its reach. The household, the shop, the market, the school, the farm, the places of law and conversation and amusement, never, or but seldom, appeared as the scenes or trial places of a Christian life: other traditions kept hold of them, and, good or bad, they were of times when there was no Christianity. Society was a long time unlearning heathenism; it has not done so yet; but it had hardly begun, at any rate it was only just beginning, to imagine the possibility of such a thing in the eleventh century. Thus that combination of real and earnest religion with every-day pursuits of life, which, in idea at least, is so natural and so easy to us, and is to a very real degree protected and assisted by general usages and ways of thinking, was then almost inconceivable. Let a man throw himself into the society of his day then, and he found himself in an atmosphere to which real religion, the religion of self-conquest and love, was simply a thing alien or unmeaning, which no one imagined himself called to think of; or else amid eager and overmastering activities, fiercely scorning and remorselessly trampling down all restraints of even common morality. And in this state of society, the baseness or degradation of Latin civilization, or the lawless savagery of its barbarian conquerors, a man was called to listen to the Sermon on the Mount, and to give himself up to the service of the Son of God, Who had died for him and promised him His Holy Spirit; to believe, after this short life of trouble was over, in an immortality of holiness, and now to fit himself for it. If we can see what that contemporary society, as a whole, was like, and no one has much doubt of its condition, what would be the effect of it on those whose lot was to be born in it, and whose heart God had touched? They could not help the sharp line by which any serious and real religious life in it seemed to be excluded: their natural thought would be that to live such a life they must keep as much out of it as they could. That was the principle of monasticism, the best expedient that then seemed to present itself, by which those who believed in Christ's teaching might be honest in following it: to leave the unmanageable and uncontrollable *seculum* to follow its own way, and to secure posts of refuge and shelter out of its wild tumult, where men might find the religion which the conditions of actual society seemed to exclude. That it was a most natural expedient is shown by the fact that, wherever religious convictions have been unusually keen and earnest in the face of carelessness and scandals in general society, there, even among those who have most hated the monks, as the Puritans of the seventeenth, and the Methodists and Evangelists of the eighteenth century, the strong disposition to draw a sharp line between religion and the world has shown itself (pp. 3—5).

We might protest against this statement on a number of grounds, but we shall content ourselves with the two points, at which we have already hinted.

We say then, in the first place, that this account of monasticism is unscriptural. There are two distinct branches, if we may so speak, of

the Gospel code, which are to be found side by side through the whole of the New Testament, and perhaps are nowhere more pointedly brought out than in the anecdote of the young man who went away sorrowful after having received an invitation from our Lord's own mouth to practise perfection. If you will enter into life, keep the commandments, if you will be perfect, go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow Me. Unless this and the other kindred passages, such as those which speak of the excellence of virginity in St. Matthew and St. Paul, can be blotted out of the New Testament, unless the example of our Lord, our Blessed Lady, and the Apostles can be forgotten, this life of perfection, which was embodied as an institution by monasticism, after having been practised largely by individuals from the very first ages of the Church, is an integral part of the Christian system, and can never be banished from the Church unless it is to be said that she has given up attempting to fulfil the whole counsel of God contained in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As long as the seeds sown by our Lord in His life and discourses germinate and produce fruit in the hearts of Christian men and women, so long will the monastic system in its *principles* be found to flourish in the Church. On the other hand, the counsels of perfection are not the whole of Christianity, and it is as great a misconception of the Gospel to say that it can in any sort of way have a hold on centuries or populations during or among which "the combination of real and earnest religion with everyday pursuits of life" can be almost inconceivable, as it would be to say that the Gospel could be fully practised where there is no idea of the law of perfection. The Sermon on the Mount has, we conceive, been sometimes thought to be addressed to persons desirous of following our Lord very closely, rather than to the ordinary run of Christians, and therefore we are precluded from meeting Mr. Church directly on the special case which he has raised. But there can be no question as to the general teaching of our Lord, no question at all as to the exhortations and instructions addressed by St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and St. John to the readers of their Epistles, and if any one can read over those passages, and say they are not meant to guide and model the Christian life of men and women living in the world, we do not envy him the state of his intelligence. People are exhorted to be good husbands, good wives, good masters, good servants, good parents, good children, and to be perfect in all the relations and duties of social and civil life; and with this Apostolical teaching to start with—with the knowledge that we possess of the Christian life of the ages of Tertullian, or Cyprian, or Chrysostom, or Austin, or Gregory, to help us in our judgment—to say that for the first ten centuries the Church never found her way "to the common life of common men, the ideas, the moralities, the instincts, the assumptions reigning in business or intercourse in the general direction of human activity, to the unpretending, never-ceasing occupations of family life"—this is an assertion as utterly preposterous *a priori* as any of the grossest Protestant

traditions exploded by Dr. Maitland and other writers of the same class, and involving, as it appears to us, an utter misconception of the mission and work of Christianity in the world. It is as bad to say that there is no Christianity but in the cloister or the hermit's cell, as to say that there is no Christianity in them, and if the Church did not leaven society for ten centuries, we may almost say that the gates of hell did prevail against her.

Moreover, the view which has found an advocate in Mr. Church is, as we conceive, utterly unhistorical. It is asserted gratuitously, and must be peremptorily denied. It reminds us of Dr. Pusey's reckless assertion that St. Bernard learned his high views about our Blessed Lady from "spurious" passages in the Breviary which he supposed to have been written by the Fathers. How does Mr. Church know what he states—a general, sweeping statement, negative in quality, be it remembered—as to the whole of Christian society, except those who led monastic lives, for ten centuries from the Day of Pentecost? Until some proof is given, we are justified in considering such a statement as exactly of equal value with those of which Mr. Church would be ashamed, that all monks and nuns were bigoted, superstitious, ignorant, formal, and immoral. It is as easy to say there was no real Christian life anywhere for ten centuries as to say that that there was no vital spiritual religion within the cloister. One assertion seems to us as good as the other. Moreover, the facts mentioned by Mr. Church are strangely against his own conclusion, if they be fairly estimated. The Church "changed worship, built churches, suppressed customs and institutions, imposed punishments and penances, affected language, introduced powers, revolutionized policy, and let loose eventful tendencies." These are works which generally mark a power that effects first the individuals of which society is made up, and then society itself; these are results which are simply inexplicable, unless we suppose a great powerful penetrating influence affecting the hearts and minds of men. The Gospel says little about them, but they are the natural fruits of the reign of the Gospel in individuals, families, communities. Yes—and the very life of perfection itself, though those who profess it may, under certain circumstances, be called to take a larger and more prominent part in public affairs or in the active work of civilization than they usually aim at—as was the case in the middle ages—yet in itself it is the flower and bloom which adorns a well-grounded Christian society rather than a reaction against corruption and paganism. It implies a healthy common life of Christians, out of which it can spring far more than that it is impossible for Christians to lead a healthy common life. Saints have even, as a rule, been more numerous in thoroughly Christian and Catholic countries than where the air has been chilled by the prevalence of heathenism or heresy, and so the saintly institutions which may be summed up under the general name of monasticism have flourished most when there has been most of spiritual reality in the lives of the great mass of the children of the Church. It is

natural that it should be so, and we believe that so it has been. Monasticism is for all ages, because it is an integral part of the Gospel system, and it flourishes most—other circumstances being the same—when the kindred parts of that system, of which it is, as it were, the most exquisite fruit, are most deeply rooted and most fully carried out in practice.

2. In welcoming the second edition of Mr. De Vere's *May Carols* (Richardson), we must also congratulate the accomplished author upon his very unusual success in this difficult matter of treating religious subjects in poetry. Under his unpretending title Mr. De Vere has brought before the world a collection of beautiful pieces, each perfect in itself, but each also forming part of a great Christian plan, wisely conceived and carefully carried out, in which the cardinal doctrine of the Incarnation, with those flowing from it, is set forth in vigorous, and often exceedingly beautiful verse. His own valuable preface to this edition best explains his idea: "To be rightly understood, this work must be regarded, not as a collection of Hymns, but as a single Religious Poem, dedicated to the honour of the Virgin Mother, and preserving ever, as the most appropriate mode of honouring her, a single aim, that of illustrating Christianity, at once as a theological truth and as a living power, reigning among the Humanities, and renewing the affections and imagination of man." Further on the author continues—and his preface will repay a very careful reading—"It is not only as a Mother that Mary has a place at every hearth . . . (she) has the elder Sister's teaching office no less She moves beside us; she goes in before us. It has been well remarked, that the Hymn 'Stabat Mater' penetrates our hearts, because it makes us gaze on the Cross, not so much with our own eyes, as through those of the chief of the Bereft. Mary assists equally in summing out every other Christian affection. In her 'Magnificat' she daily leads forth the triumph of the Meek; annually her Paschal Anthem, 'Lætare Regina,' helps those that wept to rejoice. To this day the 'Ausonian shepherds' leave their flocks on the mountains, as Christmas draws near, take their stand beneath the pictures of the Madonna at the corner of every street, and with those reed-pipes that once but made boast of sheepfold or orchard store, gratulate her through whom 'To us a Child is given.' The charm and vigour with which doctrine is conveyed in every line of some of these poems is well illustrated in the two pieces headed "Mater Christi," of which the following is the first. The italics of course are our own.

XIV.

Daily beneath His Mother's eyes
Her Lamb matured His lowliness :
'Twas her's the lovely Sacrifice
With fillet and with flowers to dress.

Beside His little Cross He knelt ;
With human-heavenly lips He prayed :

*His will within her will she felt ;
And yet His will her will obeyed.*

Gethsemané ! when day is done,
Thy flowers with falling dew are wet ;
*Her tears fell never ; for the Sun
Those tears that brightened never set.*

The house was silent as that shrine
The priest but entered once a year.
There shone His emblem, Light Divine !
Thy Presence and Thy power were here ! (p. 22.)

So again in "Mater Divinæ Gratia," where the hidden sense also is with much beauty and delicacy brought forth—

XXIX.

"They have no wine"—The tender guest
Was grieved their feast should lack for aught.
He seemed to slight her mute request :
Not less the grace she wished He wrought.

O great in Love ! O full of Grace,
That winds in thee, a river broad,
From Christ, with heaven-reflecting face,
Gladdening the City of thy God :—

Be this thy gift : that man henceforth
No more should creep through life content
(Draining the springs impure of earth)
With life's material element.

Let Sacraments to sense succeed :
Let nought be winning, nought be good,
Which fails of Him to speak, and bleed
Once more with His all-cleansing blood ! (p. 37.)

"Causa Nostræ Lætitia" has the grace and flow of a true song—

XXVII.

Whate'er is floral on the earth
To thee, O Flower, of right belongs ;
Whate'er is musical in mirth,
Whate'er is jubilant in songs.

Childhood and spring-tide never cease
For him thy freshness keeps from stain :
Dew-drenched for him, like Gideon's fleece,
The dusty paths of life remain.

Spirit of Brightness and of Bliss !
Thy smile gives help ! A sinless lure,
Thy fragrance and thy gladness
Draw on to Christ ; to Christ secure.

Hope, Hope is strength ! that joy of thine
To us is Glory's earliest ray !
Through Faith's dim air, O star benign,
Look down, and light our onward way. (p. 93.)

Of the same type, charming, musical, but full of doctrine, is the too short "Aaronis Virga"—

XXIX.

Blossom for ever, blossoming Rod !
Thou didst not blossom once to die ;
That Life, which issuing forth from God,
Thy life enkindled, runs not dry.

Without a root in sin-stained earth
'Twas thine to bud Salvation's flower :
No single soul the Church brings forth
But blooms from thee and is thy dower.

Rejoice, O Eve ! thy promised waned,
Transgression nipt thy flower with frost ;
But, lo ! a Mother man hath gained
Holier than she in Eden lost. (p. 96.)

We must pass by, with regret, the verses "*Mariæ Cliens*," in which our Lady is shown to be the prop of the aged and dying, and the rapid, passionate "*Adolescentulæ amaverunt te nimis*," where she is represented as the delight of the young ; as well as the charming Legend of the Flight into Egypt. Nor will our space permit us give examples of another kind, such as the noble "*Ascensio Domini*," "*Plato*," and "*Teste David cum Sybilla*," the latter of which seems to us equal to anything Mr. De Vere has ever written. But while passing by with such slight and insufficient mention so many of these poems, whose beauty and excellence will be more valued the better they are known, we must find room for one out of several, honouring the Mother of Sorrows—

XL.

She stood in silence. Slowly passed
The hours whose moments dropped in blood :
Its frown the Darkness further cast :
She moved not : silently she stood.

No human sympathy she sought ;
Her help was God, and God alone ;
Not even the instinctive respite caught
From passionate gesture, sigh or moan.

Her silence listened. On the air
Like death-bells tolled that prime Decree
Which bade the Eternal Victim bear
Mankind's transgression. Let it be !

The Women round her heard all day
The clash of arms, the scoffing tongue :
They heard the breaking of that spray
From which the fruit of knowledge hung.

Behold the Babe of Bethlehem ! Aye !
The Infant slumbered on thy breast ;
And thou that heardst His earliest cry
Must hear His "*Consummatum est*."

3. Napoleon is reported to have given it as his opinion that modern battles were more sanguinary than ancient. It appears, however, that he was speaking of the loss sustained by the winning side exclusively. If modern warfare be more scientific in its instruments, and if it leave less scope for individual bravery, such as that of the heroes of Homer or the knights of the Crusading period, it is rational to suppose that its progress has been characterized by an approach to equalization on the part of the contending armies. We must of course exclude from consideration the warfare that is waged by civilized men against savages, or nations whose military system or weapons make them little better than savages in comparison with those with whom they have to contend. In such cases it is a matter of certainty that the victors will lose very few of their men in comparison with the vanquished. Alexander is said to have achieved his conquests at the cost of a good deal less than a thousand men slain in battle; and the conquests of the Spaniards in the New World present the same feature of comparative immunity on the part of the Europeans. But in ancient times there were battles which decided issues of immense importance at an extremely small cost. Cæsar lost only 50 men at Thapsus and 200 at Pharsalia. Hannibal at the Trebbia lost very few lives; at Cannæ he lost 5,000, but as 70,000 were killed on the Roman side, the proportion is immense in his favour. At the last battle of Julian with the Persians, the loss on the victorious side was only 70 against 2,700; and at the victory of Belisarius over the Vandals at Tricameron, which decided the fate of Africa for the time, the Romans lost 50 men and the Vandals only 800. Facts like these may justify Napoleon's statement, which may be understood as asserting that in modern warfare there is usually less disproportion between the losses on the two sides than in ancient times. It has even happened that the victorious party has lost more men than the conquered army. This was the case at Malplaquet, where the losses of the allies far exceeded those of the French, and at Solferino, where the French and the Italians lost 2 per cent. more than the Austrians, notwithstanding the rifled cannon which were used on the victorious side alone. Solferino is certainly an instance of a battle the political results of which were out of due proportion to the actual superiority obtained by the successful army. The Austrians were beaten chiefly through their want of generalship. The advantage gained was not enough of itself to end the war, and there was a panic in the French army the day after the battle. Yet the results of Solferino were almost as great for Italy as those of Sadowa for Germany. Sadowa was an almost perfect rout, one of the bloodiest battles of modern times, as the Austrians lost, according to a German account, no less than 40,000 men killed and wounded. Other accounts reduce the number by half, but add 20,000 prisoners. The army numbered 180,000 men.

If we take the numbers engaged on both sides, and then compare the proportion of killed in ancient and modern warfare, the comparison is in favour of modern times instead of against them. Modern engines

of warfare are more destructive than any that were thought of in ancient times, but there is of course, less hand to hand fighting, there is more quarter given, and above all, it is more easy to draw a beaten army off the field and protect its retreat. The following table gives the losses in proportion to the numbers engaged, of some of the greatest battles of this century :—

Marengo (1800),	one-sixth of the effective force.
Austerlitz (1805),	one-seventh.
Eylau (1807),	one-third.
Essling (1809),	one-fourth.
Wagram (1809),	rather more than one-ninth.
Moskowa (1812),	one-fourth.
Leipsic (1813),	nearly one-sixth.
Waterloo (1815),	rather more than one-sixth.
Solferino (1859),	one-fourteenth.

It is certainly some consolation, when we have been so lately startled from our dream of peace to hear of the slaughter of Frenchmen or Germans by tens of thousands, to know that modern warfare, with all the hideous use that it makes of our boasted scientific progress for the easier destruction of human life on a large scale, is not more murderous than ancient warfare. We may also hope that progress has been made in softening the effects of war upon the inhabitants of the countries in which it is waged, by the abandonment of the dreadful principle of the French revolutionary armies, of "making war support itself." There is also a greater care for the wounded, irrespective of the side to which they may belong. Another source of consolation may be found in the fact, if indeed we can as yet assume it to be a fact, that wars waged on a scale and at an expense so immense as is now the case cannot be very long in duration, except in the case of a civil war, such as the war of the American Secession, or of a war in which a brave nation is fighting for its existence against invasion. The duration of war has a very important effect on the mortality occasioned by it in a way quite independent of the number of battles that may be fought, for, strange as it may seem to say it, the greatest losses in war are generally from disease and not from fighting, and a short war, even if marked by bloody battles, is less murderous than a long campaign in which the two armies may manœuvre without frequent collisions. It is also clear that every week that is added to the length of a war must increase indefinitely the sufferings of the inhabitants of the field of warfare, it must add to the chances that plague and famine may follow in the train of the other great scourge, and must entail additional loss to the industry and occupation of every kind from which the soldiers are withdrawn. On this account it may often be better for the interests of humanity that a colossal battle, like that of Sadowa, should be fought, even at the cost of so many thousands of lives. It would be well if the sight of slaughter on so large a scale might, once for ever, sicken mankind of so ghastly a game as warfare.*

* The details quoted in the above short notice are derived from an article in the February number of the publication of the French *Academie des Sciences, Morales, et Politiques*.

4. Mr. Hullah has done us all a service by calling attention to the *Cultivation of the Speaking Voice*, for we are most of us either speakers or hearers, in various ways, and the hints that enable a speaker to form, train, or use his voice so as to make the best of his natural powers, are benefits to the community at large. If we take our American cousins and our colonial brethren or children into the account, there is a good deal of use of our "speaking voice" going on between the rising and the setting of each succeeding sun; while, what with preaching, and speechifying, and lecturing, and reading, and pleading, and arguing, in the many various capacities in which free-born Britons are in the daily habit of "producing" themselves one to another, the atmosphere is tolerably well charged with sounds which owe existence to the working of British "bellows" or "lungs," which transmit "currents of air" by means of British "windpipes," through "an apparatus contained in the upper part of the windpipe, which is called a *larynx*," and is "capable of producing various musical (and other) sounds which are heard with British ears after passing through a *variable cavity* consisting of the *pharynx* (the cavity behind the tongue) the *mouth* and the *nose*," all of Anglo-Saxon origin. We are not a race of orators and singers, but we are certainly a race of what the earliest and greatest of poets calls, "articulately-speaking men." Here however, Mr. Hullah comes in, and snubs our vanity. "Articulately-speaking men" indeed! "It is generally admitted," he tells us, "that the Anglo-Saxon race are less gifted vocally—have the vocal apparatus materially in less perfection, and artificially in worse order—than any other variety of Indo-Europeans. As a rule, the English voice, if not always of inferior quality, is, almost always in intensity or capacity inferior to (for instance) the Italian, the German, or the Welsh." Flat burglary, as ever was committed! We could stand the Germans and the Italians—but the Welsh! "Yes," continues the inexorable Hullah—who must surely be a Head Centre in disguise—"no people give expression to their thoughts, that is, *utter*, not choose, their words—so imperfectly and with such an absence of charm as our countrymen. . . . As a rule, our speech is wanting both in resonance and distinctness. We reduce to a minimum the sonority of our vowels, and omit or amalgamate with one another half our consonants." And then, he adds, there is no excuse. It is *not* the language that is to blame, but the people who speak it. "A careful and impartial comparison of modern European languages must inevitably result in the conviction that in sonority, only one surpasses, and only two or three equal, our own. Certain it is that from the most sonorous of these—the Italian—it is possible to compress into an intelligible sentence many very uncouth vocables; while on the other hand, English passages without number might be collected, especially from our sixteenth and seventeenth century poets, which for euphony—with which alone we have now to do—it would be hard to equal, and impossible to surpass, in any other living tongue" (pp. 2, 3).

It appears then to be all our own fault if we speak badly, and Mr. Hullah is urgent for the adoption of some methodical system of "cultivating" the speaking voice. The voice, whether for singing or speaking, is an instrument which we must learn to play upon, and even the possession of a fine voice no more ensures our successful use of our instrument, if we do not *learn* how to use it, than that of a fiddle or a piano. Mr. Hullah insists both on the necessity and on the practical possibility of the introduction of some such training in the use of the voice in speaking as is gone through by the great vocalists in order to master their organ for the purpose of singing. This is the theory of his little book, which is the reprint of some articles which appeared, more than a year ago, in the *Contemporary Review*. Books of precept of this kind are difficult to understand rightly without the aid of a master, and at any rate it would require considerable space were we to attempt to give an analysis here of a little work which is already as much condensed as possible. But we have all an interest in this subject, and we have little or no doubt that a great improvement in public speaking would follow on the adoption of Mr. Hullah's recommendations.

5. We are glad to see that the Rev. J. Perry's *Practical Sermons for all the Sundays and Holidays of the Year* have reached a second edition. They are sound, practical, and short. Messrs. Rivingtons have now published the second series of the *Letters from Rome on the Council*, by Quivinus, which will probably not attract at present any great attention. People have other things to think and talk about than the party gossip here retailed. We may say much the same of *The Church of God and the Bishops*, by Herr Von Liaño, a translation published by the same publishers. Von Liaño is a Spaniard living at Munich, "well known," his translator tells us, "for his devout and ascetic life, his deep religious convictions, and his zealous attachment to the Church." This may be all true, but a little orthodox theology would be more to the point as a qualification for a treatise on the constitution of the Church than a "devout and ascetic life" and the rest. The book is slight and hazy, and simply Gallican in doctrine. "The much-abused articles of 1682," the writer tells us, "are nothing more than the intentionally weakened expression of the principles of the ancient and true constitution of the Church, formalized in opposition to the pretensions of the Roman Curia." We seldom feel called upon to notice photographs, or, indeed, works of art in general. But Messrs. Burns and Oates have lately produced an excellent photograph, by Mr. Harrington, of the Shrine of St. Edward at Westminster, and we cannot help welcoming a publication which puts it in the power of English Catholics to remind themselves of a sanctuary so full of the most precious memories to them. It may even serve to kindle among them a greater devotion to the Saint of their country, and so hasten on the day when the faith of St. Edward may again reign within the walls of his own abbey. The

present Dean of Westminster has made himself conspicuous of late by inviting to the Protestant Communion-table in Westminster Abbey some who do not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, but we have not yet heard of any proposal on his part to enable those who profess the same faith with St. Edward and all the worshippers in the abbey for many centuries after its building to pay their devotions at the shrine of the saint even on his own feast. Let us hope the days may come when we shall be delivered from this very illiberal Liberalism.

The Lettuce-leaf Barque.

(A Tradition of Wälsch-Tirol.)

ST. PETER had a step-mother who was so avaricious and sordid that she never gave anything away ; all she had she spent on herself, and reserved no part for the poor, nor yet even to share in hospitality with her friends.

It was all in vain that St. Peter warned her of her vice ; she was so grasping, and her habit of keeping a tight grip on all she had was so inveterate that he could never prevail on her to give away the least thing. He continually contrived events which should serve as warnings to convict her of her sin, as also opportunities to move her to renounce it, but she altered her course in nothing. As long as he remained on earth, and also after he was called to heaven, he never wearied in these endeavours to save her, but yet he succeeded not in obtaining the least amelioration in her ways.

At last her hour for departing out of the world came without any reform having been effected.

St. Peter went up to our Lord in great perplexity. "This is a sad business," he said, scarcely able to restrain his tears out of respect that they might not impede his utterance in the important petition he had to prefer, "a terrible business it is ; not only because of my bounden solicitude for the salvation of one so near to me, but also because of the example to the whole Church. What scandal would it not give if it came to be known that the step-mother of your Chief Apostle was counted among those who are shut out from the light of God for ever !"* and then he clasped his hands and wept bitterly.

"There is another scandal to be considered," replied the just Judge, "and that would be, if one should be admitted here out of favour and affection, through an accident of human relationship, whose life had not been conformable to the requirements of the Saving Law."

* And to the present day *Che ma're di San Pèro!* is a term of reproach commonly applied to any particularly cross miserly old woman in parts of Wälsch-Tirol.

"Lord, why this sternness?" urged St. Peter, wringing his hands, but avoiding the argument; "the Good Shepherd is wont to find *some* way of saving the sheep which has strayed furthest!"

"But if the sheep refuses all His efforts to reclaim her, what can He do then?" replied the Lord, but in a tone of more evident sympathy than He had adopted at first. And then as St. Peter continued sobbing with his face buried in the border of His robe, He repeated, almost apologetically, "What *can* He do if she has done *nothing whatever* from which to infer one good thought?"

The change of tone was not lost on St. Peter for an instant. "Ha! the door of hope begins to open," he said to himself, and then dashing away his tears with the back of his hand, he looked up and exclaimed with warmth—

"But is it so certain that there is really in her whole life not one act from which such can be inferred? And if such there *is*, shall she not be saved for that one's sake?"

"Search well and look, for you will scarcely find one," was the reply. And St. Peter felt it would not do to answer again; but as he moved away slowly and silently, and still sobbing, he repeated to himself again and again the melancholy words—

"Nothing whatever from which to infer one good thought." "Impossible!" he cried at last out loud. "Impossible!" And then with all his energy he ordered that the book in which the deeds of her life were recorded should be brought.

There was not a moment to spare, for her life's breath was ebbing fast; but all the heavenly host were full of loving anxiety for the salvation of every soul, and most of all for one in which St. Peter showed such absorbing interest. So the book was sought with such alacrity that it was brought to him while he was yet calling for it.

The Recording Angel sat himself at his feet and turned over the pages rapidly, yet not so fast but that his eye had followed every line as he drew his finger along each that he might be sure to miss nothing, nor the marginal notes in which extenuating or aggravating circumstances were added by way of gloss.

St. Peter looked over his shoulder with scrutinizing eyes the while, weighing every word.

"Stop! what was that? It is all very well to lose no time, but don't be in such a hurry as to miss the very thing we are searching for," he cried at last, and stooping down caught the finger of the Recording Angel, and brought it back to a note where it had paused for an instant and passed on again.

"Yes! Read that aloud; I think it will serve us."

"Once, as she was washing a lettuce for her supper," read the Recording Angel, "she dropped a leaf of it into the stream; she was going to grasp it back again after her manner, but no, she let the stream carry it on, saying, 'Let it go.' That is the text; and in the margin it is noted that she had nearly listened to the demon of avarice urging her not to spare it."

While he was reading, St. Peter had pursued the melancholy record to the end.

"No, there is nothing better," he said, when he had concluded it. "But I think that will serve."

"I don't see how you are going to make it out," said St. Michael poisoning his scales; "there is no character of abnegation, nor charity, nor other virtue about it that I can see."

"Lord!" exclaimed St. Peter, deeming it an extreme case, which could only be referred to the highest Judge, "is it not evidence that she was not *always* so *utterly* grasping? Did she not say, 'Let it go?' Was there not an absence of selfishness this once?" And he folded his arms and stood with bowed head, waiting with such profound submission and such intense anxiety, that He could not in His loving-kindness resist the fervour of charity of His faithful Apostle.

"There is one thing, say you," He answered after a solemn pause, "at which she did *not* grasp, and it is this lettuce-leaf which the stream bore away. Let the lettuce-leaf be brought; and if you can succeed in bearing up her soul hither, notwithstanding its load of guilt, upon that lettuce-leaf, no one shall say 'Nay' to her admission."

St. Peter did not wait to express his thanks, he knew that eternity would afford opportunity enough for that.

"The lettuce-leaf! The lettuce-leaf!" he shouted, and the words were echoed and re-echoed through all the distant courts of ministrants.

The lettuce-leaf was brought, and as the soul of the avaricious step-mother passed from its earthly probation which it had so misused, St. Peter bid it hold on to the lettuce-leaf, and bore it thus away regardless of a crowd of emissaries of Satan, who reckoning it certain it would be thrown to them, were already disputing to whose share it should fall.

Tenderly St. Peter spread the leaf to its utmost extent, but without overstraining a fibre, and warily he poised it, guiding it by the stem, and never speaking but to direct the soul for which he was concerned, how to cling to the frail vessel.

The whole host of heaven looked on in breathless wonderment at the skilful pilotage of the quondam Fisherman. But as he journeyed with his charge through the blue ether, other souls were passing to their rest or to their punishment. The blessed, borne securely in the tender embrace of holy angels, looked down in anxious pity, and bid God speed to the perilous enterprise, while the outcast reprobates leered towards it with envious malice, crying, "If such as she can be saved, then why not we!"

Meantime, so delicately did St. Peter handle the precarious craft that not a fibre was misplaced; not the smallest rent had occurred in any part of the thin edge. Steadily they sailed, and the world was already left so far behind that it showed a mere speck on the offing. Suddenly a dark soul to whom the step-mother's avarice was not unknown, was borne by in the chains of an evil angel: the minister of

wrath carried it near the lettuce-leaf barque on purpose that it might be tormented with envy at the sight of the near shade of distinction between the last saved and the first lost.

"If for this one there is safety, why not also for me!" cried the dark soul, at the same instant catching at the saving leaf, and at the contact the chains of the satanic emissary fell off.

St. Peter was too much occupied with the absorbing care of the one soul through its anxious journey to have any thought of dismissing or taking notice of the intruder. Let the poor wretch have one chance more by having his case argued at heaven's door, what mattered, so that the one which was his special charge was but brought safe home!

Now, the steepest and most precarious ascent had to be begun, and the leaf was yet perfect and intact. A soft melody of holy rejoicing broke spontaneously from the heavenly choirs. St. Peter, to whom that sound was familiar, as the ordinary expression of the harmonious hosts among whom he dwelt, only felt soothed and strengthened in his enterprise by the sweet voices of home.

To the step-mother, however, the rapturous strains came freighted with awe, and as she turned to see whence they proceeded, she became aware for the first time that the dark soul clung on beside her.

"What do *you* here!" she exclaimed in selfish indignation. "Don't you see its *my* lettuce-leaf and *my* step-son, who has come to fetch *me*; what have *you* to do with it? leave go, I say, and be off!"

It was the most anxious moment of the whole journey, the last vortex which marked the boundary path of the saved and lost. St. Peter knew it required all his skill to weather its dangers, but it was so dangerous he dared not trust himself to speak so much as a word of warning, and yet the very soul for which he had undertaken the enterprise was adding a new and more frightful peril to those which already surrounded it. How could the fragile leaf resist her angry contortions! How could a soul so utterly given over to its darling sin find a place in heaven!

Nevertheless, with supreme courage he still contrived to steer upwards.

"Leave your hold of my leaf!" shouted the step-mother imperiously. The dark soul, however, but clung the faster for dear life.

"If you will not leave it, I must even drive you off it," she continued; and her threats producing no effect, she proceeded to tear the lettuce-leaf from the despairing grasp of the lost soul. But the rent was fatal to herself also. The leaf torn in many pieces by her violence, she herself became separated from the saving hold of St. Peter, and falling away was caught by the demons, who had followed in attendance to see if there could not be work for them before the end; so both souls disappeared together with them down the dark vortex, from whence there is no return.

THE AUTHOR OF "PATRAÑAS."

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